HUGH DALTON on TAXATION

THE NEW

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John Bull's Strategic Islands

"BUT it is such a small denial of freedom—and anyway we require these islands for the defence of the free world." This would be a not unfair summary of the attitude which successive British Governments have displayed to the repeated demands of Malta and Cyprus for self-determination. Strategic colonies, it is argued, are in a class by themselves. Here neither the U.N. Charter nor the Statute of Westminster can apply.

This attitude, which was always morally and politically indefensible, has now become untenable. Each in its own way, Malta and Cyprus are demanding the full civic rights which have been denied them for generations. Since Dominion status or self-government would be a plain absurdity for such small populations, the only possible method of achieving those civic rights is to integrate the islands into larger national units. For the 400,000 Greeks of Cyprus, this means *Enosis* with Greece; whereas the Maltese, who are fervent British patriots, are asking for *Enosis* with Britain.

The Maltese case, which has been argued in London with great ability by the new Labour Prime Minister, Dom Mintoff, is both simple and unanswerable. He is demanding, not aid for a colony, but the end of colonial status—that Malta, in fact, should be granted exactly the same constitution as that of Northern Ireland—and he has reminded Mr. Lennox-Boyd that, in terms of modern air communications, Valletta is no farther from London today than Belfast was thirty years ago.

We are delighted that the very first action of Labour's newly elected Shadow Cabinet was to meet Mr. Mintoff last Monday and agree unanimously to support his proposal. Once again Mr. Attlee has shown that he is not afraid of creating precedents in order to maintain Commonwealth unity. Sir Anthony and Mr. Lennox-Boyd can now be sure that, if they too are prepared for constitutional innovation, the integration of Malta in the United Kingdom can be accomplished this summer as a non-party measure.

Unfortunately the crisis in Cyprus cannot be resolved so easily. Serious trouble started directly it became clear that the Suez base was to be evacuated to the island. At once both the Greek Government and Archbishop Makarios made it clear that, if *Enosis* were conceded, Greece would have no objection to a British base on Cyprus. But the Tory Government would have none of it. On holiday from the Foreign Office in Athens, Sir Anthony was received by the Prime Minister, and very rudely stated that he was not prepared even to discuss the subject. Then, just a year ago, Mr. Oliver Lyttelton celebrated his departure from the Colonial Office by dismissing the demand for *Enosis* on the ground that the British base could not be handed over to "an unstable Power."

These insults to the Greek people were rendered worse by the autocratic behaviour of the Colonial officials in Nicosia. For years they have refused to admit that a national problem existed. If it did exist, they said, then there would be violence in Cyprus, as there was in Palestine and Egypt. This, of course, was a direct incitement to terrorism, and terrorism has duly begun, with the inevitable result that the Turkish Government is now up in arms in defence of its Cypriot minority. In the name of Imperial defence, a colonial dispute has been permitted to develop into an international crisis, which threatens the very existence of Nato in the Eastern Mediterranean.

There is only one way to tackle this crisis. The principle of self-determination must be at least tacitly conceded by removing the matter from the Colonial Office to the Foreign Office. Then Mr. Macmillan can begin negotiations with our Greek and Turkish allies. If he does so quickly, agreement is still possible, before Greek or Turkish attitudes harden to the point where, as in Palestine, force is the only argument left. If he prefers to get tough, then we shall lose the Cyprus base, as we lost Palestine and Suez—and for the same reason

The News in Review

Overseas

THE news from Israel of Mr. Sharett's unexpected resignation follows the judgment, given last week, in a libel case which has been dragging its weary course for ten months in a Jerusalem District Court. The action was brought by the Israeli State against Malchiel Gruenwald, an elderly Hungarian Jew. Gruenwald had circulated a private broadsheet accusing Israel Kastner (a high Israeli official, prominent in the Mapai) of collusion with the S.S. in extermination at Auschwitz of 600,000 Hungarian Jews. The Judge found for the defendant on the three main counts. In his view, complete proof had been provided that Kastner, who, in 1944, was head of the Jewish underground in Budapest, and a trusted representative of the Jewish Agency, had "sold his soul to the devil." In return for the provision of a special rescue train for 600 élite Jews of his own selection, Kastner had concealed their fate from the rest of the Hungarian Jews, thus persuading them to board the extermination trains quietly, and he had made no effort to organise the escapes which were perfectly possible. Finally, Judge Halevi described at length how Kastner had persuaded two young Jews—parachuted by the British into Hungary to organise resistance on the lines of the Warsaw ghetto—to surrender themselves to the Gestapo.

Significantly, with the exception of the Communists, the whole Israeli press had expressed grave doubt whether it was really within the competence of a Judge to pronounce a verdict on the motives of an underground leader making his decisions in the ghastly twilight world of the Jewish ghetto under Nazi thraldom. Many Israelis, too, must be uneasily aware of dubious acts of collusion, both with the Palestine Police and with Jewish terrorist organisations, during the period of resistance to British rule in Palestine. This may explain why, until the defection of the General Zionists from his coalition brought Mr. Sharett down, the other parties were, despite the imminence of a general election, shy of making too much political capital out of the Gruenwald case.

THE first of Dr. Adenauer's Defence measures—the Bill to raise provisionally initial cadres of 6,000 volunteers—is having a stormy passage in the Bundestag at Bonn. The Social Democrat Opposition is unlikely to succeed in its efforts to have the whole rearmament programme postponed, pending the outcome of Four-Power talks; but spokesmen from various Coalition parties, including the Christian Democrats, were insistent that the effect of the later Bills, enacting permanent military service, must not lead to the creation of a new Wehrmacht which would be either a State within a State, or would represent an unwelcome addition to the powers of the Federal Executive. It is not easy to see how a new German army is to be made subject to democratic parliamentary control, or fitted into Western Germany's federal structure; but the criticisms voiced this week in the Bundestag undoubtedly reflect widespread popular antagonism to the idea of putting the old military gang back in the saddle.

BEFORE leaving San Francisco, Mr. Molotov told a press conference that the Big Four would have to decide for themselves at Geneva how long the conference would last, what agenda it should follow, and whether it should seek agreement on points of procedure or substance. He thus contradicted earlier reports that he had accepted the Western plan for a five-day limit, no advance agenda and the mere definition of outstanding problems. Mr. Dulles, indeed, seems to have overplayed his hand at the San Francisco talks. The U.S., he has made it clear, goes hesitantly to Geneva and without a clear bargaining policy. At his press conference on Tuesday, the Secretary of State surpassed himself. No solution "could be devised" at Geneva. The conference would explore "infinite varieties of formulæ and many permutations and combinations." On Germany, he "deplored" Russia's "loss of interest" in German unification; to accept the "great evil" of a divided Germany would "throw doubt" on Russia's desire to lessen tension. If the President were to repeat this sanctimonious humbug at Geneva, the Four-Power talks would be wrecked.

CONTRARY to most newspaper reports, Peron's standing has survived the attempted putsch: the callous attacks on civilians have rallied the support, not merely of the mass of Argentine workers, but even of prominent Argentine exiles. The reactionary clique of naval officers have discredited all forms of opposition, and their revolt has gravely embarrassed the Catholic Church.

The outbreak lacked any political base, and the Marines were only induced to march on the Casa Rosada on the pretence that they were liberating the President from army rebels. Even Admiral Garguglio, who committed suicide, had been involved in a long-standing plot but had not been prepared for the ruthless stupidity of this putsch. Far from being weakened, the President can look for an overwhelming triumph in the elections to the Constituent Assembly.

LAST Thursday, the Government of Malaya announced that it had rejected a Communist proposal to end the eight-year jungle war by negotiation. The offer, which the authorities accepted as authentic, sought a round-table conference of all Malayan parties. General Sir Geoffrey Bourne, Director of Operations, argued that recent terrorist surrenders indicated that the war was petering out and that nothing could be gained by talking with the Communists. This is understandable as an official view. But a wider, more generous amnesty and, as conditions improve, a more rapid relaxation of emergency measures might be effective in hastening the end.

THE U.S. Government has finally decided to drop the perjury charges which it has twice brought against Professor Owen Lattimore. On each occasion, a Federal court has dismissed part of the indictment, and the remainder clearly was ludicrously trivial. In the improving climate of American opinion, this should mark the end of the squalid persecution of a man who has committed no offence, but has had to pay a heavy penalty for successfully defending himself against Star Chamber methods.

THE U.S. Steelworkers last week followed Walter Reuther's lead in seeking, as part of a new wage contract, the allocation of 10 cents an hour to a guaranteed annual wage fund. Negotiations were opened with U.S. Steel, which produces one-third of American steel output. The Steelworkers' leader, David McDonald—who has been a close rival of Reuther's for C.I.O. leadership—is forcing the pace.

At Home

ON Wednesday the Monopolies Commission published its long-awaited report on restrictive practices in trade and industry. An authoritative majority of the Commission—consisting of Sir David Scott Cairns, the chairman, Professor Allen, Sir Arnold Plant, Sir Richard Yeabsley, Messrs. Birch, Gallie and Gifford—find that "nearly all such activities are against the public interest": they recommend legislation amounting to a general prohibition. A minority "note of dissent," signed by Sir Thomas Barnes, Professor Goodhart and Mr. Davidson, argues: "The evidence and information put before us do not, in our view, justify so sweeping a condemnation." The minority recommends compulsory registration and publication of the relevant trade agreements. We hope to comment more fully on the report next week.

THE British Transport Commission's Report for 1954, published this week, records a "loss" of nearly £12 million. This is after meeting interest charges amounting to nearly £54 million, as well as other charges, mainly for capital redemption, of £3½ million. In other words the Commission, if it were a commercial concern operated entirely with share capital, would show a profit of about £45 million—a low return on its invested capital, but a long way off an actual loss. This "loss" of £12 million compares with a "surplus" of more than £4m. in 1953. The worsened position is attributed to rising costs and to a fall in traffic receipts—mainly passenger receipts on the railways. Receipts from British Road Services have been well maintained, despite the sale of part of the lorry fleet. As everybody knows, the attempt to denationalise road transport has been a failure—which is to the Transport Commission's advantage for the time being. The present Report deals mainly with the railways, and dwells on the need to close many more branch lines and small stations where working is uneconomic. It also attributes a large part of its difficulties to wage increases which, despite a fall of 34,000 in total staff, have not been balanced by increased charges. Charges for transport, it says, have risen less since 1939 than for any other important category of goods or services. Unless the Commission is given full power to control and co-ordinate all forms of transport, its difficulties are bound to increase, and it ought to be relieved of excessive interest charges.

THE seamen's strike collapsed last Saturday, after the strikers had failed to call out the *Queen Elizabeth* crew. Without funds, opposed by their union, facing prosecution and call-up, the men saw no hope of carrying their protest further. The stevedores' strike, on the other hand, gained fresh momentum at the weekend, when the "last-ditch" rebels from Merseyside persuaded the London men to reverse their decision to return to work. Since these men are the most recent recruits to the N.A.S.D., and their obduracy has already induced the union leadership to resign, the tail is indeed wagging the dog. In the circumstances, the statement that friendly relations have been restored between the Stevedores and Transport Workers unions cannot mean much, for the N.A.S.D. representatives no longer seem to have control over their members. For the same reason the verdict of the T.U.C. Disputes Committee against the N.A.S.D. may well be ignored in the northern ports.

News from Our Own Correspondents

Paris

Trouble on the Labour Front

Our Paris Correspondent writes: During the past eighteen months the French economy has been passing through a period of expansion which recalls the boom years of 1927-1929. In 1954, production rose 9 points above the 1953 level; and despite a large dollar deficit (due largely to the drop in Indo-China aid and "off-shore" buying), French exports now cover 93 per cent. of imports. For the first time since the war France has a favourable balance in agricultural produce; savings rose from 5.5 per cent. of the national revenue in 1953 to 7.6 per cent. in 1954; and, by the beginning of this year, values on the Bourse exceeded the 1938 average. Nevertheless, recent evidence suggests that the current prosperity is, to say the least, precarious. Confidence in Government stocks has been shaken by the increase in the Budget deficit, which today exceeds 400 milliard francs (against 300 milliard in 1953). Production is now showing a tendency to level off; the last report of the National Credit Committee draws attention to the inherent inflationary tendencies in the economy; and prices are rising.

Against this background of incipient inflation, France's current crop of labour disputes assumes added importance. M. Faure's new proposals to avert the threatened civil service strike, threatened for this Friday, would represent a 20 per cent. increase in basic salaries and involve an annual sum estimated at 180 milliard francs. Admittedly the increases would be staggered over a three-year period; but M. Faure's offer represents a departure from the principle, which he defended at some length in the earlier stages of the negotiations, that general increases for any but the lowest-paid workers would constitute a deliberate step towards inflation. Moreover, it seems likely that this summer will see a round of wage demands among the industrial transport workers. The "inflation argument," coming from a Government which has made no attempt to limit the recent alarming increases in industrial profits and capital gains, cuts very little ice with union leaders and even less with the rank-and-file.

Rome

After Scelba

Our Rome Correspondent writes: The fall of Scelba is much more than a change of guard in the same regiment. It was due to the pressure of two great forces: an overwhelming desire for internal reform, which cut across the four parties in the Government, and a widening consciousness that what counts for Italy nowadays is the chances of peace as opposed to mass extermination. With Scelba the American plan for Italy ends.

The Christian Democrat called upon by the President to form a new government, Signor Segni, was previously Minister of Agriculture in the De Gasperi governments. He is a landowner, but was responsible for the Christian Democrat land reform project—which was shipwrecked by the Scelba government, in the face of the landowner opposition, represented chiefly by the Liberals. Segni had the courage of his convictions and applied the project to his own land.

The chances of one-party government are getting slimmer. Togliatti has indirectly accused Nenni of supporting this "undemocratic formula" in order to gain power for the P.S.I. (for it is Nenni's hope that a one-party Christian Democrat government would rely on Socialist votes). Togliatti's thesis is that, given the historical moment, the Left wing should not aspire to power, but support a programme of social reform carried out by the Christian Democrats, Social Democrats and Republicans. And this will probably be Segni's solution. The Republicans, who finally had the courage to break up the long-dead four-party coalition, will collaborate if the Liberals are out. There is no hope of forming a stable Government including the Liberals, whose leader, Malagodi, is a direct exponent of the Confindustria, the Italian industrialists' organisation. Indeed, any new Government, if it is to survive, will have to adopt some of the Left-wing's programme—for example, full application of the Segni land reform, and immediate capital investment in industry to relieve the problem of the two million unemployed.

Helsinki

The New Line

Kingsley Martin writes from Helsinki: As a journalist and "observer," I looked into some of last weekend's sessions of the Communist World Peace Congress here. I am on my way to Moscow where I am invited by the newspaper *Trud* and also by the Union of Soviet Writers. Many well-known writers—including Fadeev and Ehrenburg—are among the Russian delegates here. Their attitude is wonderfully changed since the last time I visited such a conference. Then both Fadeev and Ehrenburg made vitriolic attacks, not only upon the "Western imperialist" policy, but also upon the whole bourgeois tradition of British culture. This year the high spots of the conference appear to be an outspoken criticism of Soviet policy and of past Communist peace conferences by Mr. Candy, a Canadian Christian pacifist, and a closely argued message specially written for the conference by Bertrand Russell.

I recall how A. J. P. Taylor and the others of us who protested against the Communist propaganda methods of the Wroclaw conference seven years ago were all denounced as Fascist beasts of one sort and another. I contrast the tone of the speeches I heard this time with those of seven years ago, and I realise that the change of tactics is of a kind that makes it difficult to return to the habits of unmitigated contempt and hostility. Mr. Candy's speech was greeted as the sincere and welcome criticism of a rather naive, but essentially helpful, friend; while Bertrand Russell, who not long ago said enough about Soviet labour camps to earn him the maximum of opprobrium, is regarded now by many as having laid down the very essentials of co-existence. He now believes that a world war is the greatest of all dangers; that if it occurs H-bombs will certainly be used; that those scientists who know most about them are the most gloomy about the prospects for humanity; that limited prohibitions of weapons are not of any value, and that the only hope lies in persuading people with power and influence that they can gain nothing by war. As a first step he wants a small number of men of "the highest scientific eminence" to make an agreed statement on the effects of nuclear war. This statement should not be complicated, he said, by any political bias, however faint. It would be presented to governments on both sides of the Iron Curtain, perhaps most effectively by India. Acceptance of such a report would create the atmosphere in which peace negotiations might succeed.

Westminster

The Season

These are the dog-days. Any morning you can see Members, a glistening patina on their foreheads, their Constituency Smile a trifle glazed, leading columns of schoolboys through the twilight halls of the Palace of Westminster. (*Thinks*, "I may be sweating now but in ten years' time each one of these little students of history will have a vote.")

There aren't many, however, like Mr. Key, the former Minister of Works; he really knows the whole thing backwards and, with his rose in buttonhole and waxed moustache, he is himself an object of tourist curiosity. "And that," say the lesser guides, ending their commentary, "is Charlie Key." The other day Mr. Key provided strong competition for the attention of other Members' parties as he emerged from the Crypt with four black nuns. But the debacle of the week took place an hour later. There by the statue of Richard Coeur de Lion, in the full harangue of a Member who thought he was fascinating his captive audience, the boy in long trousers at the back suddenly pointed heavenwards with a coarse shout of "Look, a Nellycopter!"

Inside the Chamber, the Rating and Valuation (Miscellaneous Provisions) Bill has been trundling along in Committee with little to remind the older Members of past Julys and all-night sittings and the chill of the Terrace in the first morning light. There have, on the whole, been better "Houses" than is usual at this time of year. This is due to the number of new Members who sit in the debates absorbing atmosphere, waiting for the horrid moment when they must make their Maiden Speech and wondering at the easy temerity of men like Howard of St. Ives who venture to interject "Sez you!" in these solemn surroundings.

Outside in the Members' Lobby, the usual curious combinations are in motion. "Like a ticket for the Test Match?" "Want one for Wimbledon today?" You almost expect the message to end, "Only a fiver, guv.!" But, in fact, these are merely the flirtatious beginnings that continue . . . "if you'll pair this afternoon." The most dramatic reappearance of the week took place in the TV Room when Members, relaxing from the Rating Bill, saw, to their surprise, one of their colleagues umpiring the Drobny match. Thus do the wonders of science bring aid and comfort to the Whips.

Labour's new Chief Whip, Herbert Bowden, has made one most useful contribution to the Party's good humour. He has restated the limits of pairing, and the circumstances in which it can take place. This is of special value in summertime when Members who fought so hard to get in fight almost as hard to get out; when the tanned faces of some and the prison pallor of others reflects their relative diligence; and social events vie with the Question that Clause I, as amended, shall stand part of the Bill.

Yet when there's a job to be done the enthusiasts are there. The lawyers and the local Government experts were strongly represented during the Rating Bill discussions. There, too, was the Minister, Duncan Sandys, most effective in his *dolce far niente* way; there, too, was Dick Mitchison on the Front Bench, looking as though he'd never been anywhere else; and there, too, on the third bench above the gangway, was Chuter Ede, the kindest and most liberal of men, one of the greatest Parliamentarians of our time, playing his part as always and greeting Dalton as if he were an old friend.

MAURICE EDELMAN

The Right to Strike

It seems strange that at this time of day there should be much newspaper talk about restrictions on the right to strike. Nothing, to be sure, is likely to come of the suggestion; indeed, most of the proposals under discussion are rather indefinite, and there are signs that even those who make them are conscious of some of the dangers they involve. Most curious of all is the insistence in many of the newspaper comments that the restrictions can best be imposed in agreement with the Trades Union Congress, with whose General Council the Government has already opened conversations about the means of reducing industrial unrest. There has certainly never been, so far, a time when it could have been reasonably supposed that the Trades Union Congress, or any body of trade union leaders, could be induced even to consider the possibility of agreeing to such legal restrictions.

The present leadership of the trade union movement, as represented by the T.U.C. General Council, is deeply committed to a policy of industrial peace. It is not only inclined to attribute every appearance of militancy to Communist influence and to denounce as Communists or fellow-travellers all those who criticise its policy; it is also as desirous as the Government itself of preventing stoppages of work which interfere with production and damage the British balance of payments. When the T.U.C. leaders were forced by the adverse vote of Congress to give up the policy of "wage-restraint" they only ceased to advocate it openly, while doing their best to ensure that it should continue in practice. I am not now arguing the question whether they were right or wrong: I am simply stating a fact. In particular, of course, the trade union leaders denounce unofficial strikes, as breaches of trade union discipline; but they are hardly less hostile to official strikes in which individual trade unions challenge their general policy or fall foul of more acquiescent unions in the same or kindred trades. But it is a far cry from disliking a thing to supporting legislation to suppress or outlaw it.

For one thing, the most difficult strikes to outlaw are precisely those to which trade union leaders most strongly object. If a group of workers come out on strike without the support of their trade union, and perhaps without even asking for it, the union can hardly be made liable for the damages they cause; nor, if it could, would that impose any deterrent on the strikers. It is no less impracticable to clap the unofficial strikers into gaol: clearly any attempt to do so would rouse the whole trade union movement to violent protest. Nor would it be easy to fine men for the offence of striking against the wishes of their trade union—that would be indeed a curious legal offence. There is no way open to the law of penalising the unofficial strike *as such*.

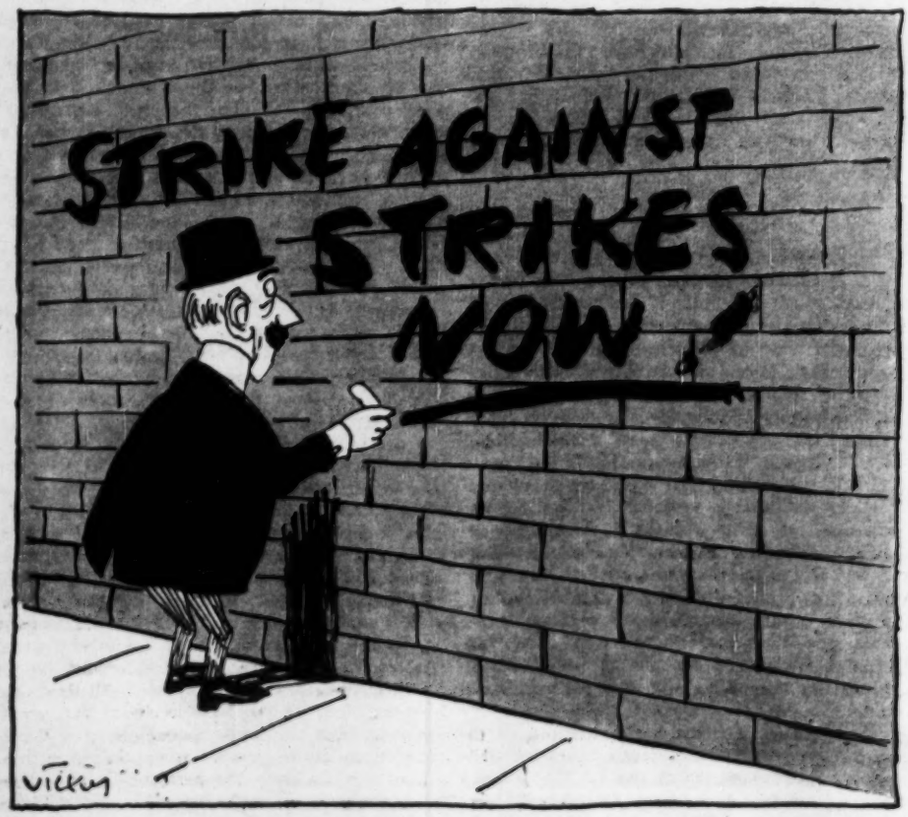
This being recognised, the commonest proposal appears to be that it should be made an offence for a trade union to declare a strike until all the resources of negotiation have been exhausted. This has been tried in certain countries, notably in Canada under the Lemieux Act. It involves great difficulty in defining precisely what constitutes full prior use of negotiating machinery, which differs greatly from trade to trade. It can, in effect, be done only by making all strikes illegal until the intention to declare them has been reported to the Government and until the Government, or some body acting on its behalf, has issued proposals for a settlement. In this form it is not impossible; but it would be a very clumsy and inappropriate weapon for preventing spontaneous local strikes arising out of immediate grievances, when the workers simply down tools rather than obey what appears to them an unjust or unreasonable order from an employer or works official. Moreover, there would remain the difficulty of deciding what to do with workers who went on strike in face of the prohibition. As for the bigger, official strikes, nothing would be gained; for they never occur suddenly or without warning, and the Government already has ample opportunity to put forward any proposal for a settlement it may think fit, before they occur.

An alternative suggestion is that no strike should be lawful until a ballot of the prospective strikers has been taken and a majority for it secured. Who, in that case, is to organise and conduct the ballot—the trade union concerned, or the Government itself? Trade union leaders would certainly take strong objection to the Government doing this; and they would also object to being made to do it themselves, on the ground that they might be forced by it into getting a mandate for strike action against their own judgment, and that their position of leadership would be undermined. In particular, they might lose their discretion to call a strike off.

Yet another proposal is that arbitration should be made compulsory and strike action against an arbitration award should be made a criminal offence with penalties either against the trade union, or against the strikers individually, or both. The experience of compulsory arbitration, where it has been tried, is not encouraging. It has not in fact prevented strikes, except where it has been combined with a totalitarian police regime of terror, as in Nazi Germany; and it would certainly arouse violent opposition from the main body of active trade unionists, including most of the leaders of the Trades Union Congress.

In effect, not one of the suggestions that are being put forward will stand up to serious examination, or could be put into effect without arousing united trade union opposition from leaders and rank-and-file alike. The situation a trade union leader can least afford is one in which he can be charged with abetting either the Government or the employers against his own members; and every leader, whatever his private opinion, would have to denounce any proposal to put legal restrictions on the right to strike. Even if the Government were prepared to take action in face of solid trade union hostility, there would be very great difficulty in framing a workable plan; and the problem of actual enforcement of the new law would be ticklish in the extreme.

If, then it would be unwise and in effect highly dangerous to legislate against the right to strike—which would involve the imposition of forced labour—does anything need to be done to reduce the impact of strikes by other means? There are several things that need to be done, or attempted; but none of them involves legislation or calls directly for government action. The first need is for an improvement in the internal democracy of trade unionism, to counter the undue centralisation of control that has accompanied the growth of national negotiating machinery. The only democratic way of reducing the frequency of unofficial strikes is by making the official trade union machine more readily responsive to local discontents, so that grievances no longer remain unattended to until the sufferers resort in desperation to unofficial action—or even proceed straight to it because they feel no hope that the union will take up their case save under pressure of an actual stoppage of work. Many unofficial strikes could be prevented if the matters involved were taken up more promptly by the official representatives of the trade unions; and workers would be less disposed to strike without union support if they felt that their complaints were receiving fuller attention from their own leaders. Some unofficial



strikes there always will be, and indeed should be, when a body of workers is faced with a sudden act of tyranny or encroachment and there is no time to consult the higher authorities. But the number of unofficial strikes has been large in recent years mainly because the leaders have been so set on discouraging local action through mistrust of their membership. What is needed in this matter is not so much a change in trade union constitutions as a less suspicious attitude on the part of officials and some re-definition of the spheres of national, local and factory or workplace bargaining. The remedy lies with the leadership of the individual unions—in particular, the T. and G.W., which has an admirable constitution that somehow fails to work in practice.

The second need is for the trade union movement as a whole to face the question of wage-policy, which it has been deliberately evading in recent years. It is no doubt very difficult for trade unionists to agree among themselves about the relative wages that ought to be paid to more and less skilled workers. In practice, they seem to agree well enough in most cases where both types of workers are organised in the same union. The Mineworkers and the Engineers, for example, do not seem to be involved in many disputes between their more and less skilled members, though such quarrels are admittedly not unknown. The serious troubles arise when, in the same industry, there are rival unions representing mainly different grades, as in the case of the Railwaymen and the Locomotive Engineers, who cannot agree about the differentials that ought to be allowed for superior skill. There was a strong case for giving priority to the claims of the less skilled as long as their wages were plainly too low to sustain a tolerable standard of living; and under war conditions the unions of skilled workers accepted a system of flat-rate advances which reduced the real differentials as prices rose. But today the bottom wages are much less unbearably low than they used to be; and the skilled workers not unnaturally show signs of re-asserting their claims. The T.U.C. General Council, having to represent both groups without the power to control either, has not only formulated no policy in this matter but has positively opposed all attempts to devise one. This opens the door wide to inter-union battles such as the recent railway strike. The trade union movement, if it is not to be burst asunder, must accept the responsibility for laying down some general policy about differentials, difficult and invidious though the task may be.

Thirdly, there is the problem of "breakaway" trade unions, over which the T.U.C. General Council is at present taking a very high and mighty line. There are of course very powerful reasons for objecting to the existence of rival unions, each claiming to negotiate for the same body of workers. But there are even stronger objections to treating trade unionists as the sheer property of their trade unions and denying them all right of choice, no matter how aggrieved they may be. Unions are made for men; and if a group of workers decide to form (or secede to) a rival union, the union they leave has no final right to prevent them or to refuse the union they join a place in collective bargaining, when it has an appreciable following to support its claim. The remedy in this matter is largely that already suggested—a more democratic flexibility in the national handling of grievances. But if this fails to prevent "breakaways," breakaways there must be; and the established big unions are not entitled to abuse their strength.

The final matter that needs attention is the policy of employers who refuse to negotiate while a stoppage of work continues, and the support given by many trade unions to this policy. Where a strike has occurred, the best course is to seek to end it as speedily as possible on reasonable terms by means of a negotiated settlement and not to bludgeon the strikers into surrender by refusing to meet them halfway. In this matter the Ministry of Labour has some responsibility, for it has backed the refusal again and again. Trade union leaders are apt to take the same line because it adds to their power over their members. But it is a thoroughly bad method, liable both to prolong stoppages that could be easily ended and to leave bad blood behind.

In conclusion, it needs to be said that the present outcry about preventing strikes is much ado about rather little. In plain fact, strikes in recent years have been on a small scale in comparison with the years before the General Strike or with the years before 1914. Neither officially nor unofficially have trade unionists abused the power conferred on them by full employment. Indeed, most of them have shown remarkable moderation —or apathy, as some prefer to call it. There is nothing at all to warrant panic legislation: what there is amiss is nothing other than a failure on the part of the trade union movement to adapt itself fully to the changed conditions of present-day bargaining or to understand the need for a stronger collective policy which will re-unite, instead of dividing, the various elements that make up the enlarged membership enrolled under the banner of organised Labour.

G. D. H. Cole

Taxation and Social Justice

"'Blessed are they that hunger and thirst after justice,'" said a Scots philosopher, "but it is easier to hunger and thirst after it than to define precisely what it means." Capital gains, as they have rolled in lately, are a monstrous injustice. But where shall justice be found?

Hugh Gaitskell, in his first speech in this new Parliament—he gives his colleagues more good talking points than any other Labour Front Bench speaker—brought out that in the last 15 months ordinary shareholders in Britain have gained £5,000 millions in the value of their property. In the fortnight following polling day on May 26, the index of ordinary share values rose by 7½ per cent. And steel shares, recently sold back to private shareholders, have risen, most by more than 50 per cent and some by more than 100 per cent, since resale. There is no doubt that capital gains, gained in so short a time and in such mass and now so widely known—thanks to the *Daily Express* and other popular newspapers—increase industrial tension and encourage claims for comparable labour gains. Goodbye, under these Tories, to all "restraint"! "Each for himself and God for us all," as the elephant said while he danced among the chickens.

It is natural that, in this situation, many should think that justice demands a capital gains tax. And such a tax is one of the principal topics discussed in the Third and Final Report of the Royal Commission on the Taxation of Profits and Income, published this month. This Third Report is very long—487 pages—and some of it is very dull. In proportion to length I found more interest in the Second Report, published last year—only 125 pages. This made a number of proposals, not all unanimous, for changes in the structure of the income tax, and especially in personal allowances and earned income relief. But it unanimously rejected the common view that either income tax under P.A.Y.E., or the high rates of income tax and surtax on the largest incomes, have any special disincentive effect on taxpayers. And this was good authoritative debunking.

The Third Report contains an argument by a majority of the Commission against a capital gains tax, and by a minority—Herbert Bullock, Nicholas Kaldor and George Woodcock—in favour, a Memorandum by the Board of Inland Revenue on the problems involved, and a note on the capital gains tax in the U.S. and on the practice of some other countries. All this takes 70 pages out of the total of 487. But having read all this, I am still unconvinced, as I have long been, that a capital gains tax is the best answer. It might easily turn out to be another case—there have been many in our fiscal history —of much cry and little wool. There are a number of alternatives which would promote justice and reverse the present drift, under Tory rule, to greater inequality. Some of these were outside the Commission's terms of reference. A capital gains tax was only brought within the terms by a ruling given by Mr. Gaitskell, when Chancellor, in February, 1951. A personal expenditure tax was excluded from the terms by a ruling given by Mr. Butler in October, 1952. This latter tax, to be based, on a graduated scale, on personal expenditure (i.e., on income minus savings plus dissavings), would hit all capital gains if spent, but not if saved. It would also hit all other forms of living on capital, which a capital gains tax would miss. It would have great advantages if practicable, but would pose stiff administrative problems. To lessen these, and to reduce political opposition, it should be a substitute for surtax, but not for income tax. We await a long-promised exposition of it, and of the way round the administrative snags, by Mr. Kaldor, who is its leading champion. I am myself inclined to prefer it to a capital gains tax.

It would fall on fewer taxpayers, and its yield would be much less volatile. There is no great difficulty, if we choose, in stopping capital gains and thus reducing the yield of a capital gains tax to vanishing point. This was shown in the summer of 1951 when Mr. Gaitskell announced the Cabinet's plan for freezing dividends. That was merely a declaration of intention, by a Government with a majority of only six. But there was an immediate and sensational stampede on the Stock Exchange, and hundreds of millions of pounds of capital values were lost in a few hours. The next Labour Government should, I think, introduce some form of legal dividend limitation. This need not be so crude as a straight freeze, but it should put a heavy brake on rising security prices. Dividend limitation would be imposed directly on a company, and only indirectly, through distributions made by the company, on individuals. Administratively this is a tremendous simplification. Both a capital gains tax and an expenditure tax would have to be imposed directly on individuals. Two other taxes, helpful to the end we have in view, and imposed on companies, are a tax on bonus shares, and the present profits tax. The former, which I introduced in 1947 as a new form of stamp duty, at 10 per cent of the bonus element, was much resisted and soon repealed. It would have brought in a swelling revenue in the last few years. I should like to see it born again. The profits tax, in its present form, also dates from 1947, when I introduced a differential element, taxing distributed more heavily than undistributed profits. This tax too is discussed at

some length in the Third Report of the Commission. The majority is opposed to the differential element and would substitute, as soon as possible, a flat rate tax on all corporate profits, whether distributed or not. This rate, they say, should be much nearer to the present 2½ per cent on undistributed, than to the present 22½ per cent on distributed profits.

I find the argument of the majority perverse and unconvincing. "Nor is it advantageous for the economy" they say, "that the level of dividends should be kept down. The market value of shares in industrial and commercial enterprises is artificially depressed and an obstacle placed in the way of raising new capital." The profits tax, on this argument, which to my ear rings very hollow, has at least checked the Stock Exchange boom from going even further and faster. Nor do the majority like an argument I used in 1947, that this tax helped to achieve "rough justice" in the field of investment income, since, in consequence of my cheap money policy, many rentiers were then actually having their incomes reduced, while holders of equities were doing well. But my argument is very much stronger today, when the gilt edged market, now with dear money, is a depressed area of capital losses, while holders of equities are reaping a record harvest of higher dividends, bonus shares and capital gains.

The minority consider that "the differential profits tax has undoubtedly been a major cause of the relative modesty of dividend distributions as compared with the rise in earnings." Without this tax, they say, there would have been even higher dividends and even greater capital gains. They, therefore, oppose the majority recommendation that the differential element should be abolished, so long as capital gains are not taxed. If capital gains *were* taxed, they would favour a corporation profits tax at a uniform rate, but no income tax, on the whole income of companies. My own view is that the differential profits tax should, in any case, remain, and the differential element be increased.

But are any of the fiscal expedients hitherto considered the best that we can do to start another strong heave towards equality, comparable to what was done, by a variety of pressures, in the war and early post-war years? There are two other possibilities, both outside the terms of reference of the Commission. First, an old-fashioned capital levy, such as the Labour Party fought two general elections on in 1922 and 1923. In my last months at the Treasury in 1947 I was planning something of this sort for the Spring Budget of 1948. A trace of this plan survived in Stafford Cripps's "Special Contribution." And something of this sort, and even bolder, was proposed by Roy Jenkins in his famous *Tribune* pamphlet, *Fair Shares for the Rich*. Someone called this a policy of "Socialism in an afternoon." But it contained ingenious proposals for tempering the levy to the shorn Dives by giving him terminable annuities. This should be looked at again. Two-thirds of our privately owned wealth at the end of the war belonged to only three per cent of the adults, and ninety per cent of the adults owned only a sixth. We are still harbouring hundreds of millionaires. Let us hear no more nonsense about the limits of taxation, on large fortunes, having been reached.

Finally the death duties. First I, and then Stafford Cripps, increased them after the war on large estates, and I reduced them on small. Like the capital levy, death duties pick up capital gains, even if not realised, in their stride. There are many possibilities of further development here, and these should be studied. One has been called the "gradual capital levy." Every estate passing at death, above a certain minimum, would pay estate duty and, in addition, part of the residue would be compulsorily exchanged for terminable annuities, of equal annual value, issued by the Treasury. Over a period of years this could be an equaliser of great force, most easy to administer.

I, therefore, urge that we should commit ourselves, in general terms, to strong fiscal measures to reduce inequality, and especially the shocking inequality in private property and in property incomes. But we should not commit ourselves officially now to any particular fiscal meaures, neither to a capital gains tax, nor to any other. We have plenty of choice and, I am afraid, plenty of time. Our tax system may be a good deal worse, more unjust and less equalitarian, four years hence than now. And our best proposals for change, to be made four years hence, may therefore look quite different from the best proposals we could make now.

HUGH DALTON

London Diary

WHAT has happened to the *Daily Herald*? This is the question which Labour Party members in every constituency have been asking since before the election. I now see that the party leadership is officially approaching the T.U.C. to ask the same question. For the *Daily Herald* acquires its peculiar status (together with great advantage over its rivals) by being the officially accredited voice of Labour; and the T.U.C. owns 49 per cent of its shares—the remaining 51 per cent being owned by Odhams, who also manage the paper. But the voice of Labour has been singularly muffled in recent weeks. It is no secret around Transport House, for instance, that the paper's lack of sympathy towards the strikes of the footplate men and the dockers has been far more marked than that of many members of the General Council. I have been looking at the issues which appeared during the General Election. Few of them suggest a crusading fervour for the Labour Party. Yet the *Herald's* editor, Sydney Elliott, is a most sincere Socialist, as well as being one of the finest newspaper executives in the whole British press. What most *Herald* readers may not know—though it has been the subject of much Fleet Street gossip—is that shortly before the General Election a new editorial director was appointed, whose voice is presumably decisive in shaping the paper's policy. He is Mr. Harry Ainsworth, editor of the *People*, another Odhams' journal by no means consistent in its affection for Labour and generally lower in its journalistic standards than the *Herald* has been up to now. Can it be his policy to turn the *Herald* into merely a daily version of the *People*? Recent issues have certainly looked very much like it; there has been a marked swing away from politics towards the trivialities of the news and women's magazine-type features. I have heard it suggested that some of the directors of Odhams would be glad to see such a change—and indeed to buy out the T.U.C. holding. I can hardly believe that the T.U.C. would dream of selling what could be the Labour Party's greatest asset. Yet the present situation is unsatisfactory from every point of view. The Labour movement is not getting the sort of intelligent support it should be able to count on from the *Herald*; and the value of the paper, whoever owns it, is thus being impaired. The circulation of the *Herald*, to put it bluntly, probably depends on the official endorsement of the Labour Party even more than the party depends on the support of the *Herald*.

A letter in our correspondence columns this week describes how the Government of Iraq is, in effect, seeking to destroy the Iraqi Students' Society in this country by withholding grants from students too closely associated with it. I am told, however, that this letter reveals only part of the story. Thanks to help from relatives and even fellow-students, none of the men concerned has so far had to go home through lack of funds. So now the Iraqi Embassy has gone a stage further. Two of the students concerned have recently applied for the renewal of their passports, and have failed to obtain it. In no case, of either withdrawing the grant or withholding a passport, have specific charges been made against individuals—just unsubstantiated complaints of "interfering in politics" or "practising Communism." I think the Iraqi authorities ought to understand three things. First, that in a free country, people are not judged guilty by association. Secondly, that in any case no evidence has been produced that the I.S.S. is a seditious body, though inevitably Iraqi students who come to Britain for a liberal education will learn to reject the social and economic system which still prevails in Iraq. Thirdly, treatment of this kind, applied to students without any evidence to justify it, is repugnant to British opinion and does only damage to the reputation of the government concerned.

* * *

My first reaction to the result of the Shadow Cabinet election was total disappointment. The re-election of Philip Noel-Baker and the election of Mr. Stokes (who is nearing 60) and Mr. Mitchison (who, despite being everybody's friend, is over 65) seemed a waste of the chance to blood the younger men. On reflection, I feel slightly less pessimistic. It is true that the Parliamentary Party, in a mood, perhaps, of confusion, seems to have taken refuge in unnecessary timidity. But the election of Bevan and Greenwood obviously improves the Front Bench; and I cannot quarrel with George Brown's success, which at least he deserves on the score of ability. I am glad to add that some of his political friends, who lack his talent, got nowhere. It is, in fact, very difficult in any Labour Party election to "get on" in one go; and very often the clue to the future lies in the names of those who just fail. The first ten of the unsuccessful candidates in this election—Younger, Fraser, Bottomley, Ungoed-Thomas, Willey, Healey, Strauss, Crossman, Fred Lee and Michael Stewart—are those from whom I should expect the Front Bench to be replenished as vacancies occur. Some of them would greatly strengthen it.

* * *

What can one say about Geordie Buchanan? First that we all loved him? From being one of the most robust and notorious of the Clydeside agitators he grew into a grandfatherly and much-respected Parliamentarian, without becoming spoiled by office (like Shinwell) or by the renunciation of office (like Maxton). Real strength of character enabled him to harness his considerable talents to the running of the Welfare State, and his humane influence has left its indelible mark both at the Ministry of Pensions and the National Assistance Board. R. H. S. Crossman recalls to me a characteristic remark. "You," Buchanan said to him in 1945, "have enough outside earning-power to resist the temptations of this place." I always suspect the kind of reasoning which that remark implies, but it is certainly shrewd to warn a new M.P. that the temptations of Parliament are by no means financial. Geordie himself, incidentally, without the aid of money, withstood them far better than most of his contemporaries.

The real interest in Professor Arthur Lewis's controversial article in *Socialist Commentary* was not its unhappy misquotation by the Premier, but its general undertone—which I don't think I misunderstood—that budgetary inducements rather than direct controls must be the main weapon of another Labour Government, and that a high profit ratio is essential to "large investment and a rapidly rising standard of living." Right or wrong in his thesis, Lewis is here tackling one of the vital questions. For the next Labour Government, like the last, will succeed or fail largely according to its success in planning its investment programme. I'm specially interested, therefore, to see that Lewis is being answered this week-end in the *Fabian Quarterly* by Dr. Thomas Balogh, who argues, in effect, that Lewis's methods will prove inadequate for the sort of investment plan which will be needed, and that an economic failure at this point would involve a repudiation of Labour's political aims. Stripped of its academic polemics—for dons delight to bark and bite—this seems to me a practical and constructive argument which should be carried a good deal further. And fortunately there is time for the economists to argue it out in their own arena before the politicians are obliged to step in and take the decisions.

* * *

It is just on a year ago that Critic exploded over the Cambridge Plan to desecrate parts of that city in order to speed up the flow of traffic. Now, by God, the planners are at it again, and this time—yet more disastrously—in Oxford. If the City Council gets its way one by-pass road will be cut from the Plain to the bottom of St. Aldate's, crossing the Cherwell and passing through Christ Church Meadows between the Broad Walk and the Isis; and another from Keble Road to Marston Road, right across the middle of the University Parks. The need for more adequate by-passing of Oxford is obvious; but there is no good reason for doing the work as near the centre of the City and the University as these plans indicate. It's difficult, indeed, to think of a more senseless and destructive project; and I hope that lovers of Oxford everywhere will join the University authorities in protesting before it is too late.

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A few weeks ago, during the course of a stay in Yugoslavia, I was talking to Blazo Jovanovic, the President of Montenegro, about the prevalence in Yugoslav cinemas of the shoddiest type of third-rate American film. Naturally, the talk turned on the Yugoslav film industry which, though growing, is still totally inadequate for the country's needs. "There is a great deal more to be done," he observed, "and we are well aware of the danger of too much dependence on the U.S. Films need not be propaganda, but they must show the truth. I was greatly impressed, for instance, by the films of Tito's visit to Asia. These showed people as they really are, living their real life; and this is the way I should like to see the Yugoslav film industry develop." I recorded that snatch of conversation at the time—as much as anything because I was puzzled at his choice: official newsreels of the Head of State seemed an odd enthusiasm for an intelligent man. Last week-end I had the chance to see these same films at a private showing in London, and I now understand what Jovanovic was talking about. There are "documentary-length" newsreels of the two visits and three or four shorts about life in Burma—all of them the work of two young Yugoslav technicians. I have seldom seen more enchanting films—gay, touching, colourful, imaginative and occasionally very funny. Together they form a most convincing *pastiche* of Asian life. Moreover, the camera-men firmly refused to treat either Tito or the Indian and Burmese dignitaries with undue reverence; and, as a result, a number of very august personages appear as thoroughly human characters. What a good idea if these films could be shown on the ordinary circuits. Drugged with the rubbishy offerings of the British newsreel companies, English audiences might enjoy an occasional news film which shows "people as they really are."

FLAVUS

The Abstract Rights of Man

[Foreign travel is abstractly a citizen's right.—*United States Court of Appeal.*]

Dedicated to the abstract proposition
That native-born Americans are free,
The Courts quash State Department prohibition
Respecting leave to travel over sea,
But
State Secretaries may withhold permission
On manifestly reasonable grounds—
To those incurring Government suspicion,
The Eastern Hemisphere is out of bounds.

The freedom to depart exists abstractly,
The citizen's inalienable right
By judges of Appeal defined exactly,
And full mobility appears in sight,
But
Citizens suspected of subversion,
And legally, if partially, outlawed
Despite the Constitution's bold assertion,
May not pursue their happiness abroad.

No pressure makes the Federal judges waver—
No passport can be lawfully denied;
Possession is a freedom, not a favour,
The State Department must by law abide.
But
Security provides sufficient reason
To make the Government withhold consent;
When patriot informers whisper "Treason!"
Its truth is held to be self-evident.

The citizens approve the view judicial,
And travel permits confidently claim,
But
Intervention by the State official
Controls the passport issue just the same.
All civil liberties must be respected,
The Constitution and the Courts decree.
But
Those who of subversion are suspected,
Are locked inside the land of liberty.

SAGITTARIUS

This England

Prizes are awarded of £1 for the first entry and 5/- for each of the others printed.

Paste entries on a POSTCARD.

"My position is such that I have only to go up to either of the two villages in my area, and anything that should not be going on stops."—Special Constable at Salisbury Court.—Reported by *Salisbury Journal* (W. G. Lock).

"No doubt about it, roughing it is enormous fun," says Lady Melchett. And, as we walked across the lounge at Claridges, where she is staying, she added: "Thick carpets just irritate me these days."—*Sunday Express* (F. H. Ward).

A Norwich man and his wife on holiday at Southend went on a coach "mystery" trip. The coach took them to—*Norwich*. They spent the day in the cattle market to avoid meeting friends.—*Daily Express* (Jonathan Paterson).

The Paris Season

THE season is on in Paris. There is every kind of show. There are film stars with stalls in the Tuileries, Picasso at the Arts Décoratifs, the wonderful American pictures in the David-Toulouse Lautrec exhibition, the Sainte-Beuve manuscripts, "les jeunes" in the galleries of the Left Bank with half a dozen private views buzzing away next door to each other at six o'clock, the brilliant Marie Antoinette exhibition at Versailles—note the plush dog kennel—and a gangster film, *Du Rififi chez les Hommes*, in the Champs-Elysées, indeed in the provinces. This sets the key. When Paris is hard, it is hard. Two directors, an American abroad and a Frenchman, have cauterised each other's traditional vices in this film. The Frenchman has burned out American moral sentimentality; the American has cut away French romantic literariness. We follow the planning and execution of a major jewel robbery, without having to endure the tacit moral that crime does not pay, or that toughness redeems all. This is a film of the iron age of egotists, technicians and neurotics. A wonderful sequence, played in silence for 20 minutes, showed us the accomplished team, sawing their way into Mappin & Webb's strong room in the Rue de la Paix. At the end, the audience were sweating as strenuously as the malefactors. Except, I must say, a lady from Dior's or Fath's who was with us. She said it was "*mortel*" and slept throughout. In the city of modes one school cuts another dead.

The dramatic Festival is now in its second year. There have been three very great successes so far: the Yugoslav company playing Gorki's *Yegor Boulitchov*; the English Theatre Workshop doing *Arden of Faversham* and *Volpone* —which I missed—and the Abbey Theatre doing the *Plough and the Stars*. There has been one total triumph: the *Opéra de Pekin*—"first time out of China since the 8th century." The Chinese classical theatre has never been seen in the West.

The *Opéra de Pekin* is indescribable, incomprehensible, miraculous. Only the ballet prepares us for their miming, their noiseless movements, the fantastic wit of their acrobatics; but nothing prepares us for the costumes, the symbolism of sleeves, flags and head-dress, or the stylised changes of gait and finger movement of these ferociously or lyrically masked figurines. The first sensation is one of æsthetic terror; theirs is a tyrannical, heartless and lyrical refinement. The sword is sharp. We live in the comedy and poetry of imminent decapitation. Danger has been translated, in every detail, into an esoteric illusion. Esoteric for us. For the Chinese audiences, the episodes we see are well-known and popular. The art is primitive in the sense that it depends on picturesque exaggeration and upon the delighted demonstration that the body can whizz round faster than a Catherine wheel, vanish like a cracker or clip along like a leaf; but it is sophisticated art, elaborated by centuries of stylisation. The Chinese audience knows that this man is a general because he has flags in his shoulders; a powerful general because he has many flags. They know this man is on horseback because he carries a small stick before him and that he mounts the horse when he gives a sudden back kick to the palm of his raised hand and hops forward with four stamps, each like a clap of thunder. When he raises his foot he is going indoors. We know that the girl has got into a boat, because she rocks and dips and twitters, and that the boatman has got in when they both go up and down as if they were on a see-saw. To our astonishment, by invisible, infinitesimal

foot movements, they swing round with the boat as it turns on its mooring. The stage itself seems to rock: we are all crossing the river. And yet, there is simply the bare stage. No boat. No stage water. No scenery. The wit of the invisible steps, the knee and hand movements of the actors, concealed under their ceremonious garments, have created the illusion.

In scarlet and blue, soldiers fly at each other with staves in a deadly mêlée of circular swipes and somersaults. They are fast as electric fans, the weapons become nearly invisible. It is dream-like, for no one is struck though the weapons whizz round heads or feet within a millimetre; all is patterned and timed, recapitulated at greater speeds and ends, perhaps, with an army capturing the fortress by whirling round faster than any eye can follow and then back-somersaulting over the wall in a pretty well metaphysical disappearing trick. At this point we can only suppose we are drunken-eyed. Suddenly, there is complete stillness, a pattern of staves and soldiers again, the utter, silent stare of expressionless figures in porcelain. We are made to feel the fundamental thing about beauty: fear. A gong-like, dissonant and whimpering music, a noise of trembling wires and bizarre hiccuping gives a glottal punctuation to the movement. It suggests to us a weird and highly developed idiocy. The felicities of this music are lost on us; we have the wrong ear. But this is not ever the effect of the action. The stories which make up the Opera come from popular works based on real if far-off occurrences. The Chinese audience would know the full plot of the *Paladin des Yangs:* that the general staying at the inn is unjustly exiled and is protected by a Knight, that the Innkeeper has recognised two assassins and so on; but the audience, like ourselves, will be waiting for the central farce: the sight of two sentinels who cannot see each other in the dark and full of fear, going through the movements of stalking each other. We can see them; they cannot see each other. One will be standing on the table while the other creeps underneath; they will stand back to back without knowing it. They will turn their heads as the sword is within an inch of cutting their heads off. Both will lift the table at the same time and drop it in terror and fly to opposite ends of the stage, chasing—nothing.

Teasing, cunning, fear, violence, impudence are the themes of the stories. It is by the wit of mind and body that the monkey in the allegory defeats the ornate celestial bullies. His silent laughter is like the first laughter of the emerging human race itself; it shows us man cheating his appalling fears by his own malice, by all the impudence of the new thing and its intelligence, its alacrity and its grace. We often hear of a popular theatre and of theories of popular art; here is clearly a popular art formed by tyranny and tyrannical in its demands upon the actors, an art in which the body itself has genius and imagination.

In the Yugoslav rendering of Gorki's *Yegor Boulitchov* we returned to Western naturalism, very much *à la* Chekhov, in which every scratch of the head, every fidget of the person, and all the inartistic quality of life counts. Fatal to stylise here. After twenty minutes we were translated from a total ignorance of Serbo-Croat into Russian family life on the eve of the Revolution. The programme told us that Yegor Boulitchov was a self-made industrialist and a man of strong passions who was about to die of heart disease, and that his embittered wife, his greedy children and relations were plotting and quarrelling already about what he was going to leave them. The shock of illness had made Boulitchov consider what he had lived for. He concluded his life was a failure. A *bourgeois gentilhomme* speaking Marx without knowing it, he saw that his society was corrupt, the famous ideas of country, religion and family were a swindle. He has it out with the doctor, his ailing wife, the priest, his partner, and in the end dies as the revolution is heard breaking out in the streets. There is one splendid climax in the play where the drunken old man calls in a trumpeter called Gabriel and, being stuck by the name, orders him to blow the last trump on his ludicrous instrument. Gorki was a master of the grotesque. He was not, all the same, a playwright. It was the superb acting, passionate, yet various, all disciplines concealed, that gave this play its great success.

There is a naturalistic acting in which the actors are only themselves. They speak as they would speak in life and they aim at no more than the verisimilitude of conversation. The Yugoslavs belonged to a more satisfying school: they were actors who became ourselves. By their art, they conveyed they had lapsed into our own, the incurable human conditions. All the more keenly we felt the issues which consumed the characters, because every small thing was done that could be done, to convey the *désoeuvrement* of hourly life. At what point in his sentence would the violent old man pick up his glass of vodka, would he hesitate between the left hand or the right, would he twiddle his braces, on which chair would he settle? A whole life was apparent in the figure of his disheartened yet scheming wife, as she sat rubbing the rheumatism in her leg. Idleness itself was impersonated by the whiskered young man who made so often for the stairs, but never got much farther than the landing or could never finish the tune he was playing on the piano. Would the neat, silly young woman go once more to the mirror to touch up her hair? And then, into this triviality, there would spring the wild, natural daughter of the old man, a young creature more savage, headlong and capricious than we ever see in the English theatre, like a delightful and impossible young tigress. Chekhov's plays are about human silence. It is broken by bits of speech, as if talking heads were coming suddenly up from the water below; life is a mystery (he tells us) not yet deciphered. In this Chekhovian production of Gorki we had a different impression: we *did* know what went on below. He and the actors conveyed the terrible, unmysteriousness of human feeling which casual speech may interrupt but can never really conceal. It is a continuous, reckless, devouring and self-regarding greed. Gorki's thesis is doctrinaire and the play's weakness is that the revolutionaries are implicitly regarded from an idealistic point of view, whereas the point of Gorki's characteristic vision of people is that one greed devours another.

Getting back to Sartre country, I found the Boulevard St. Germain was still carrying on in its dear old way. A young man came into the Bar Bonaparte, cracked a hard-boiled egg on the counter, sniffed it and then threw it out into the street with a cry of, "Ici on vend des oeufs pourris. Ils sont tous morts, les amoureux."

V. S. PRITCHETT

Slums at Sea

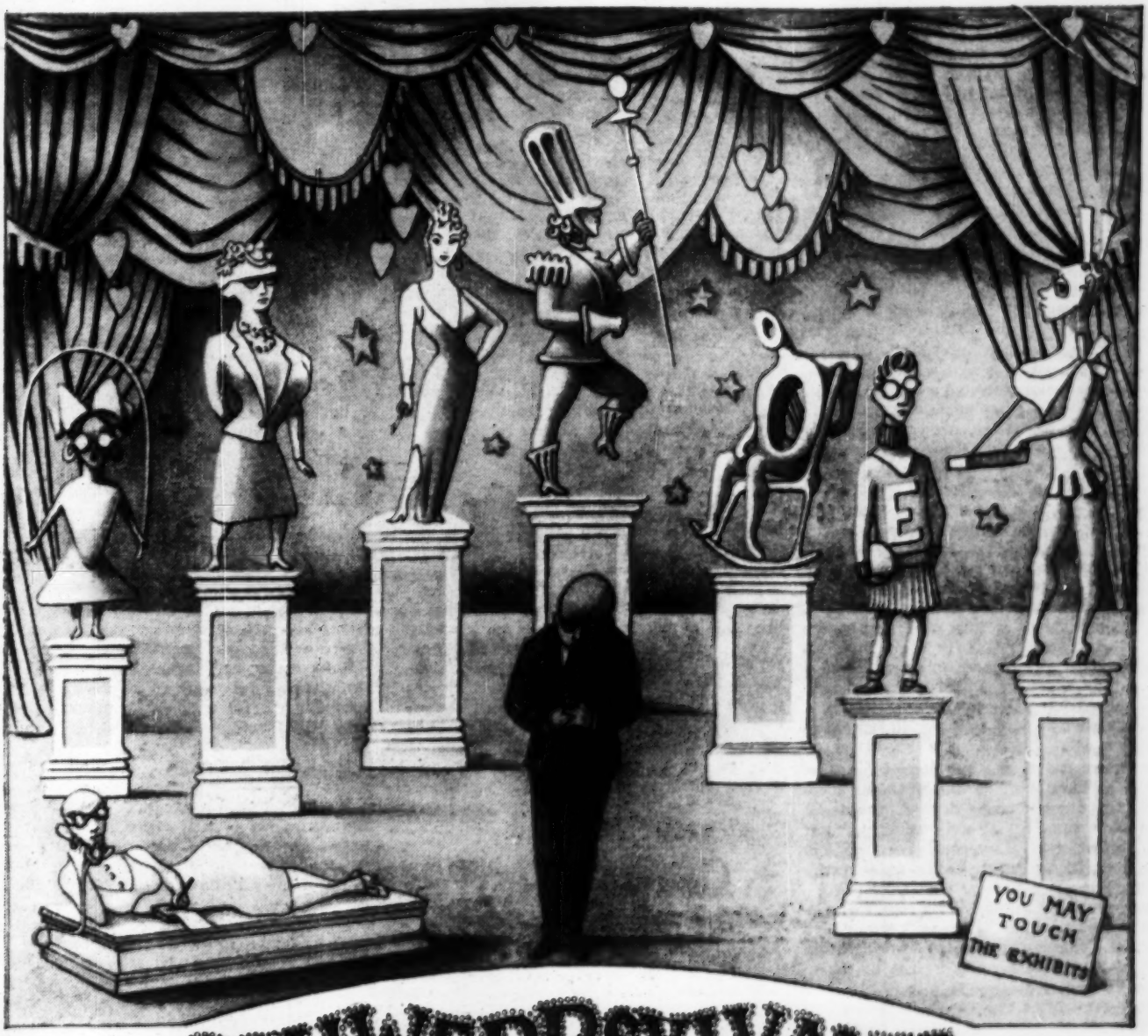
THE glory-hole steward was on familiar ground, for his work consists in cleaning the quarters of his mates in the liner, and if we had been at sea instead of tied up at Southampton he would have made sixty-four beds before ten in the morning. But I found it hard to keep up with him as he hurried along the alley-way (corridor to landsmen), disappeared round unexpected corners, and surmounted metallic hurdles that seemed to have been set to trip the unwary. The evil light—weak bulbs behind dirty glass at infrequent intervals—didn't help matters. Though I am short, I had to duck repeatedly to dodge bare steel stanchions and bulging pipes. I tried to envisage carrying two buckets along this narrow alley-way in a storm.

I went into several cabins, each accommodating six to ten of the crew. The double bunks were placed end to end along each wall; there was just room for a set of lockers the size of filing cabinets, a chest of drawers, and a looking-glass hung on the centre post. The space per man was less than in a barrack room or a prison cell—less, also, I was told, than is provided by the Navy. The air was foul. Portholes were closed to keep out the dust that rises from the thud of bales as cargo is unloaded. At sea the portholes are closed because the crew deck is so near the water line. For six cabins—say fifty men—there was one tiny lavatory. The entire catering crew, three hundred strong in the ship I was visiting, shared a single washroom with five basins and three showers.

Descending a perilous iron ladder, I found myself in the galley. There was barely space to move between the huge, antiquated anthracite cookers. To lurch against one would mean a nasty burn. Two fans were turning lazily under the low ceiling, but the heat was intense. I escaped parched and sweating after a few minutes. The ship might, this June day, have been moored at New York or Rio instead of in temperate England, but there would still have been only those two fans to replace the air-conditioning now standard in American ships. I went thankfully up on deck and gazed along the great range of piers. Ship after ship lay fast and deserted. The unofficial strike was nearing its end, but the damage had been done: the loss to Britain's dollar income, the disruption of a service that attracts custom above all by reliability, and worst of all the festering bitterness in the minds of thousands of seamen, those who had stayed at work as well as those who had walked out.

In this strike there was not a head-on clash of principle, no single demand that would have entailed a reversal of the employers' policy, and no wages issue at all. There was simply an outburst of anger at a thousand petty grievances, at the blankets which are washed only once a year and the shortage of cutlery in the crew messrooms and the locking of lavatories during ship's inspection. At the things which sensible employers, aided by trade unions close to their members, settle as they go along. But these things were not settled, and at last several hundred men lost their patience.

I have described in detail the crews' accommodation because the facts will be new to most readers. My requests to visit the crew quarters, either during the strike or later, were refused by all the big companies. Visiting them without permission, though it required some address, was, none the less, easier than hiding in people's gardens; and I am satisfied that, in almost all ships built before 1940 and therefore in the majority of those now in service, seamen are living in the kind of slum conditions that, on land, we associate with the old Gorbals or the East End before the blitz. In the newer ships there is a marked improvement in ventilation



Devised by Stephen Potter

SCHWEPPSYLVANIA & THE WOMAN-FIGURE

Drawn by London Sainthill

Visitors to Schweppsylvania will notice the reverence there, more than anywhere, for the female, and the importance, to the Schweppsylvanian, of the woman-figure. Here we see, being important to the typical man,

the typical Girl Next Door-figure, the Woman He Married-figure, the Woman he Nearly Met-figure, the Campus-figure, the Mother-figure, the Girl at School-figure, the Girl he was Never Able to Speak to-figure, and His Friend's Secretary-figure.

SCHWEPPERVESCENCE LASTS THE WHOLE DRINK THROUGH

and cleanliness, but the overcrowding and the utter drabness in the crews' quarters are as bad as ever. Now this overcrowding—this lack of space to write a letter in privacy or hang a photograph or dry a shirt if you wash it—gives scant ground of complaint so long as we regard ships merely as vehicles for travel. But the seamen *live* in the ships. These are the surroundings that shape their mental stability and their physical health (both skin and respiratory diseases are common in this industry). And so it becomes a grave matter that the messrooms are too small for all the men to sit down, and that a good half of them eat standing up—the reason being, a company spokesman told me, that they prefer it.

True, the seamen get longish spells ashore during the annual overhaul; and those employed in ships with a quick turn-round, like the "Queens," miss one trip in five on basic pay. But their total leisure is no greater than that of other workers—and other workers spend their evenings in the armchair or the garden. Every seaman gets 66 days of paid leave a year, said the gentleman at Cunard House. Mr. Tom Yates, receiving me in the more spacious office which he enjoys as general secretary of the National Union of Seamen, raised this figure to 74. I had looked at the records of a dozen men without finding one who had more than 60 days in the past year; the average was not above 50. But the point is that most of this leave is in compensation for Sundays spent at sea and therefore at work. A moment's thought shows that the factory worker, supposing he works on Saturday and has only a week's holiday, has 59 days' "leave" in a year. If he enjoys a full weekend and a fortnight's holiday, as many do nowadays, the figure is 118.

This brings me to the question of hours at work. A cabin-class waiter on the *Queen Mary* gave me this account of his day, while a dozen of his fellows stood round and confirmed it. It is a day on which no emergencies arise, none of the staff goes sick, and all passengers are considerate and punctual at meals. Turn-to is at 6.30. At 7, having shaved and eaten, the waiter washes down the dining saloon. Then he has just time to get into clean uniform before serving breakfast (8 to 10). Clearing away takes till 10.20; at 10.30 he washes up the silver (other men do the crockery). After the 11 o'clock inspection he is free till 12. Serving the two sittings of lunch and washing up take him to 3.30, when he gets his own meal, the first since before 7 a.m. He serves afternoon teas from 4 to 5 and is free from 5 to 6. Dinner lasts from 6 to 9.30. Then, after a break for his own supper, washing up, and scrubbing down the saloon, he may reckon to finish the day at eleven. A Union Castle man, who was not on strike, gave me a similar time-table, except that he got his breakfast at ten after doing four hours' work.

The basic day for the catering crew is ten hours. Deck crews enjoy an eight-hour day, and in recognition of the difference the waiters and stewards receive 38s. per month "catering compensation." Over the ten hours there is overtime pay, but this is rather hard to collect. One elderly man, who had waited years to get a top-side job—i.e., a lounge or smoking-room steward, jobs that are popular, despite the hours, because of the tips—on a Cunard ship, told me that when he presented his overtime record the Second Steward said: "I'll sign your chit this time, but you won't be with us long." That was what decided him to join the strike. My impression is that Chief and Second Stewards are petty despots, loathed by every seaman I questioned, striker or not, and that the companies' notion of labour relations is despotic and out of date. These verdicts would be hotly disputed by Mr. Yates, who told me that shipping employers have "a sincere desire to do everything possible for the crews" and compare well with British employers as a class. But it seemed to me that Mr. Yates, a likeable man, has largely lost touch with conditions at sea.

This aloofness, to say no more, affects all the union's officials. Mr. Yates sets his face sternly against shop-steward organisation on board and, less reasonably one would think, against union branches on ships on the model of the N.U.J.'s "chapels" which exist in each newspaper. I met no seaman who had managed to attend more than two meetings of the Southampton branch in the last five years, none who had been able to vote for the delegate to annual conference. The strikers said that the meetings are always held when a ship is due to sail. Mr. Yates replied that they are held during the overhaul, and quoted attendance figures above the average for a British trade union. A union delegate boards a ship when it docks to hear and adjust complaints. According to Mr. Yates, he sets up a table in the messroom and any seaman can talk to him. According to the strikers, he goes straight to the Second Steward's cabin and later on goes ashore with a wave and an "Everything all right, boys?"

On these points I can only report what has been said to me. But, whatever the exact truth—and it must surely lie between the extremes—one thing is certain. Labour relations in this essential industry are in the 19th-century stage; tension is acute; bitterness, both between employer and worker and between union and unofficial striker, has reached a level that has few parallels in Britain, and that bodes nothing but harm for the future.

MERVYN JONES

Centre Court

THE first year I won the Wimbledon singles title—men's—I was fourteen. Each bouncing word the commentator used to describe my spectacular centre-court debut stood out against a backcloth of dark, floating applause. Naturally. For I was also the commentator. I carried the mike (a small brass coffee cup that mother had little further use for) in my left hand. With the other hand I banged a worn ball against the wall of our Penang back garden. The net was an unevenly drawn charcoal line. Tilden, Perry, Borotra, Kramer—I played them all, and won. Every year I raised the net two inches. That was the only change.

Half the magic of Wimbledon was lost to me when I actually visited it three years ago. It had become, in large London Transport green and white, Southfields (For The Tennis Tournament). And the first tenet of this new tennis faith seemed to be the rather odd one of a blue-blazered schoolgirl: "As soon as the train stops, Joan, keep your ticket ready and run for the bus." But this year I had a real press badge.

It should have made me feel portentous. Instead, I was frustrated. I decided to whip myself into a relentlessly satirical mood, and write about the inhuman mechanics of modern sport; the calculated mathematics of American tennis robots; suburban starlets making even that essentially feminine symbol, the frilled pantie, a part of the organised industry of centre court racketeering. I would singe the wings of young title-seekers, who would soon be windswept from the amateur green of the grass courts into the corrupted black and white of popular dailies; or would be signing not autograph books but tennis rackets marketed by some cunning firm.

I should have been in the right mood of cussedness for the press box. Instead, fifteen queue-minutes later, I was standing inside the ground—but outside the centre court—reading with the others "Free standing room full up." And if the old man in the beret hadn't asked me, pinning his faith in me, "Do you think we stand a chance of getting in?" I should not have stayed there, should have walked, my press badge eloquent against the lapel of my gaberdine jacket, into the press box. I'm staying, I told myself, for the sake of the old man. It won't do for him to see the young give up hope.

Inside the centre court Trabert and Drobny were probably warming up. D'you think Drobny'll win? It will never do for the young to give up hope.

In front of the old man two girls, from Canberra—one with red-rimmed glasses, the other, older, twisted like a racket that hasn't been kept in a frame. The "Soft-seat man" in a greatcoat of green counts his money in two-bob pieces. A W.V.S. volunteer, also in green, shouts, "69 for 5, I'm sure we'll lick the South Africans." A nervous young Malay I knew back home snuggles closer to a blonde in a sleeveless white blouse, and smiles, chews his nails. He obviously loves crowds, and is not interested in getting in too fast. A blue-and-white striped bow tie runs down Staircase 16 doing camera-capers; he's got his Wimbledon action snapshot, safely trapped for the yellowing brown paper of future scrapbooks. An old lady in futuristic organdie buys a cushion, asks, "Is it tea-time yet?" She has her ticket. We wait.

Inside the court the pattern is probably patience.

We can't even see the railings. We have to reconstruct the game from the sounds that come to us. As if they know, the crowd inside is painting the picture for us. Here a large dash of clapping, there a little pink sigh, "Oh." We wait over an hour. Still no hope. The queue, the centre-court sounds. It's too much for the girl from Canberra. "What's the score?" she asks the W.V.S. volunteer. "I told you, duckie, 69 for 5," "No, I mean here, Trabert-Drobny." "I dunno dear. Patty's beating Hoad on Number One ah'll tell you." We had gone forward now seventeen heads. Maybe we'd be able to see the next match. "All I want to see is Rosewall."

The pattern in the centre court is probably the pattern of this queue. Tuning up. Hopelessness. Despair, Triumph. Friendly, hard, determined, restless, erratic. Then hope again.

We'd been waiting two hours just outside the main gate. We could see the frayed ends of the collar of people straining inside. A Royal West Kent sergeant-major pulls out some cigarette paper: he rolls our anxiety mercilessly in his fingers, as the Canberra girl pleads, "I've come 13,000 miles to see this." "Sorry, miss. Y'could have saved the last couple of miles and stayed in town and seen it on TV." "Aw, come on, let us in. You're the spitting image of my brother, same kind face." We laughed, lit cigarettes. "Looks like we'll go in now." The Canadian girl in a white sweater finishes her air letter, and before she licks it into privacy I read the top line, "In Queue outside Centre Court, Wimbledon."

Inside the centre court the next match was also probably over.

I didn't stay to see any tennis when we were at last let in. I still carry my centre court with me and I'll be there next year.

A. P. KIPOH

Green explorer

Men have been seeking the source of the Amazon
ever since the river was discovered four and a half centuries ago.
Now the mystery has been solved by means of a simple green dyestuff – fluoresceine.
With its aid, a British-led expedition proved Lake Ninococha,
which lies high up in the Peruvian Andes,
to be the source of this great river.
Minute quantities of fluoresceine –
which can be seen even when diluted four million times – were sprinkled into the lake. They soon coloured
the waters of two adjacent lakes and, later, the tell-tale green hue appeared
in the River Maranon, which is known to be the upper reach of the Amazon itself.
This was but one use of a dyestuff which has proved its worth in many unusual ways –
it has been used, for example, to mark the position of pilots who have baled out into the sea.
Made by I.C.I., fluoresceine belongs to the Company's large and versatile range of dyestuffs,
which today are supplied not only for textile applications,
but to many other colour users at home and abroad.

Thus, and in a thousand kindred ways, I.C.I.'s research and production are serving the Nation.

ICI

The True Man

At that season the peasants burned off their maize patches all over Yucatan, and as we drove through the outskirts of Merida asphyxiated butterflies were falling like coloured snow.

"Properly speaking," said the taxi-driver, "the title isn't prince. We call him The True Man. His ancestor was ruling our people when the Spanish came. Anyway, he'll certainly appreciate your visit. The family's been having a bit of a lean time of it lately." The driver was a Mayan Indian, an ex-peon with a face that watched and listened. He had worked for some years with the foreigners in the excavations, had picked up some of their book-learning, and was at the moment a little dizzy from smoking marihuana.

"As you may be aware," he said, "the Inquisition prohibited the possession of any of the ancient books on pain of death. So far as I know, the prince's family had the only one left in Yucatan. It was used for prophecy and divination and could only be consulted by moonlight. Their ancestor went over to the Spaniards when they first came. They turned him into a grandee, and built him a palace full of beds and mirrors, so it was easy enough to hide a book. When the American archæologist up at Chichen-Itzá happened to hear about it, the present prince's mother had had the bad luck to fall foul of the cacique, who had the Government at his back; so the matter was settled."

We were held up in a noble street full of Indian women dreaming their lives away behind vegetable stalls. Night-gowned shoppers were trooping silently towards a bus shaped like a beer bottle, beside which the driver stood barking into a microphone, "Safety, comfort and respect—and all for fifty centimos the trip. What more could any reasonable being ask for?" The taxi-driver lit up a marihuana cigarette, and a sad, anxious cartomancer approaching offered to tell us whether our wives were unfaithful. "Understand me, friends, it isn't so much the betrayal as the constant doubt that kills in the end." A sudden clash of bells squeezed the pigeons from a tower into the sky, and drew the sleep-walkers out of the road towards the church door. The taxi-driver stubbed out his cigarette, scrupulously offering its expiring incense to the small Virgin over the dashboard before he engaged gear.

"So naturally the cacique, who was half-seas over as usual, sent a couple of his gunmen to collect the book. 'Money!' he shouts, 'Money!' when the archæologist offers to buy it. 'Hold on there. Do you take me for a dealer in hens by any chance?' So the American got the book for nothing, and sold it to a museum in the States for 50,000 dollars—or at least, that's the price that's usually mentioned. He was that kind of fellow, the cacique. Half a bottle of tequila and he'd been known to make his office staff dance the raspa while he took pot-shots with his pistol at their toes. As for the prince's family, you might say it was the final blow."

Outside the town the dry-mastication of the forest had softened the road to a mule-track. We went through a string of apathetic villages, with vultures scuffling amiably among the chickens outside the huts. As the driver came to terms with the marihuana in his system the violent swerves which had enlivened the early part of the trip subsided into a regular predictable wobble.

"The loss of the book exposed us as a people to certain inconveniences," said the driver, "because it dealt with things of practical value, such as how to avoid earthquakes, or the maize blight. The worst thing we had to put up with was a plague of ghosts. There were so many of them—for God's sake don't laugh—that we got to know them by name. I want to emphasise that people in all walks of life were affected. Take us taxi-drivers. We were always having some young fellow come up to the rank—you know the kind—decent watch, Borsalino, and a gold tooth or two—'Could you run us over to Uxmal?'—or somewhere like that—I mean a worthwhile fare—and then as soon as you were passing the cemetery you felt a tap on the shoulder. 'Look here, friend, many apologies, and so on, but I've just thought of something. Put me down here, do you mind?' You probably got twice the proper tip, but you might as well have thrown the money away, because by the time you got back to Merida it would have always vanished into thin air."

We found the prince in the general store he conducted for the benefit of a village, once a great town, and now reduced to a hundred huts. He wore with melancholy distinction a vast hat, with a price ticket fixed to its upturned brim, and went barefoot, avoiding with mysterious unconcern the many chickens' droppings on the floor. The prince was an agent for various American products, and pretty girls in the cigarette advertisements decorating the adobe walls bared their teeth engagingly at a small sociable gathering of sombre Indians in the store. A woman carrying a parakeet on her shoulder came in for a tin of milk, and bent down to kiss his hand. The prince returned a burning glance, and said: "Your servant to command."

Who could have been a more promising repository than this man of the secrets of the past's magnificence and terror? We tried to draw out the prince to talk a little of the splendid mysteries of his ancestor's office—of the coming of the Conquistadors, who in these same villages hanged any handsome girls as a precaution against their possible effect on military discipline—of the prisoners, baptised, then burned in batches—of slavery and the Inquisition. The prince, anxious to oblige, seemed to make an effort to project back his mind, to cease for an instant to be a merchant, to awaken his soul from its bewitched sleep, to rise above this sad present of soap-powder and torch-bulbs. His eyes were troubled and his lips moved desperately as he groped among the shapeless memories of his race. But the Conquest had become no more than the smiling-sinister masque, danced interminably by the villagers at their drunken celebrations: a dream of swords and crosses, of Judas kisses, fireworks and blood, with the savage conquerors stiffening into mild disciples, and Cortes's swarthy Marina slowly changing and taking form as the Mother of God. At last, as the memory of an intolerable grievance sparked through the oppressive shadows in his brain, the prince spoke. "The Spaniards forced us to buy beard-curlers," he said. His Indian customers slyly put up their hands to feel the occasional isolated hair on their Mongol-smooth chins, and one of them laughed—a strange and bitter sound in this country.

Before we left, The True Man kindly permitted us to photograph him, standing outside his store. He was tall for an Indian, and of an exceedingly fine presence, as he stood there hat in hand, wearing a newly laundered suit of white cotton pyjamas. He had placed himself immediately below the centre of the fascia board of his establishment, which was painted with the name of his great ancestor, preceded by his three resounding Christian names which were those of favourite Spanish saints. Under this a notice in smaller letters said: QUINTANA ROO EXCLUSIVE AGENT FOR THE "SLICK" ELECTRIC RAZOR—"THE SMOOTHER SHAVE FOR MEN OF DISCRIMINATION."

"He doesn't seem to be doing so badly after all these days," the taxi-driver said.

NORMAN LEWIS

The Arts and Entertainment

Stravinsky as Serialist

The splendidly refurbished church of St. James's, Piccadilly, is to house next season an interesting series of concerts by the London Bach Group. A foretaste of these Wednesday evenings was given last week, when John Minchinton, the Group's enterprising conductor, presented a cleverly chosen miscellaneous programme. The most impressive items were two of Schütz's *Symphoniae Sacrae*. In the first, a setting of David's Lament for Absalom, a solo bass declaims in a passionate and freely ranging arioso against a quartet of trombones and organ continuo; Michael Langdon sang the music with appropriate power, but he might with advantage have refined the quality of his tone. Even grander, indeed overwhelmingly dramatic, was the setting (in German) of "Saul, Saul, why persecutest thou me?"; the Divine Voice on the road to Damascus is heard at first on the weak beats of the bar and in the lowest register of the solo voices; then, with an awful urgency, the voices rise, spread and multiply until the whole earth rings with the accusing sound.

The concert included also a Cantata of Bach and the first public performance in England of Stravinsky's *In Memoriam Dylan Thomas*. Before I discuss this interesting work, let me say that the exceedingly difficult tenor part was sung with pure, steady tone and impressive accuracy by Gerald English, who should become a valuable addition to our concert life. Stravinsky's piece consists of a setting for tenor and string quartet of Dylan Thomas's poem to the memory of his father, "Do not go gentle into that good night," flanked by purely instrumental outer sections described as 'Dirge-Canons', in which the string quartet is treated antiphonally against a quartet of trombones. These terse outer movements, somewhat stiff and archaic in tread, are all the more impressive for their simplicity and reserve; they are written in slow, even notes which allow the listener to perceive and enjoy the severe beauty of the contrapuntal lines. The central song is more complex and more problematical. Exceptionally for Stravinsky, the whole work is based on a note-row and constructed according to a serial technique of more than Schönbergian rigour, but with one important difference: instead of a twelve-note-row (as normally in Schönberg and his school) we have here a five-note-row. In the current number of *Tempo* the work is subjected by Mr. Hans Keller to a structural analysis which he rather condescendingly calls "as elementary as possible"; *Tempo* being the house organ of Messrs. Boosey and Hawkes, he has been able to print the entire central (vocal) section of the score, upon which he has superimposed square brackets and letters to indicate the regular recurrence of the basic note-row or of its variants. It is a useful and ingenious piece of work, but I wish the author had gone on to demonstrate the aesthetic significance, which he seems to take for granted, of visual subtleties which the unaided ear cannot follow.

Mr. Keller is severe on the "pseudo-articulate obscurantism" which spreads "the legend . . .

that serial technique is something visual," and he is mildly shocked that two first-rate musicians (a composer and a singer), after close contact with Stravinsky's composition, should have remained unaware of its serial construction. That is naive of him. A note-row is not a tune, but a framework or formula, as hard to memorise as a new telephone number. The only note-rows which are easily memorable are those which, like Berg's in *Der Wein* and the Violin Concerto, make play with "normal" tonal implications. Stravinsky's row is, in fact, *relatively* memorable for two reasons: first, because it contains only five instead of the customary twelve notes (it would certainly be easier to remember a 5-figure than a 12-figure telephone number); second, because it has a simple and repetitive contour.

The basic row is E, E flat, C, C sharp, D: that is, two descending and three ascending semitones separated by a minor third. This is easier to recognise aurally than a row which jumps about all over the scale, just as (to revert to our telephone analogy) "Sloane 54123" would be easier to remember than "Sloane 83719." Like Schönberg, Stravinsky uses not only the row itself, but its inversion, its retrograde version and its retrograde inversion. In each, of course, we find the same succession of semitone intervals and jump of a minor third; consequently, the row does have for the listener, whether or not he is conscious of its existence, a distinct and recognisable emotional colour, in that the prevalence in all parts of semitonal movement and of the interval of the minor third lends to both the vocal and instrumental lines a suggestion of threnody or keening which is appropriate to the subject. At the risk, however, of being called a "pseudo-articulate obscurantist," I doubt whether there is any additional æsthetic significance in the fact, let us say, that a retrograde version of the row in the voice part is accompanied by its retrograde inversion in the cello and by the basic series in the first violin. Here is Mr. Keller's description of one passage (admittedly the most complicated):

> The tenor's C flat on "-ning" is sustained across the parts (C flat in the 'cello followed by B in the viola) while the words "they Do" double two notes from the 'cello's series (retrograde inversion and retrograde version), one of them in anticipation; after this parenthesis the tenor resumes the C flat that has been kept alive for him by the lower instruments. In other words, the 'cello's C flat quotes from the tenor, whereupon the tenor's A and A flat quote from the 'cello. At the same time, the tenor's "they Do not" is the middle part of a retrograde row whose first and last notes are the 'cello's B flat on "-ning" (preceding bar) and the viola's C on "not" respectively.

I do not question that Mr. Keller's explanation of Stravinsky's passing irregularity is correct, but how many people can there be in the world who, on the evidence of their ears alone, would feel that this particular passage (which lasts only a few seconds) needed any more explanation than the rest of the piece? Is there not something academic and unreal in such an approach to musical composition? The theoretic basis of serial composition is weakened at the outset by the fact that listeners, though capable to some extent of recognising an inverted tune, find it all but impossible to recognise the simplest tune played backwards. Anyone who doubts this statement should experiment with *God Save the Queen*; and, if still unconvinced, try it inverted *and* backwards. In consequence, so far as even the reasonably perceptive listener can tell, a composer might as well use any notes as the retrograde version of his note-row, except when (as in the present instance) the latter incorporates some simple and indestructible feature like a string of semitones. Beyond that point, I do not believe that Stravinsky's elaborate game of musical Snakes and Ladders, so ingeniously mapped by Mr. Keller, has much to do with the æsthetic impact and significance of his music; in fact, by obliging him to write awkwardly for the voice, it tends to weaken the force of a conception which is mainly instrumental.

DESMOND SHAWE-TAYLOR

Pattern for progress

Here, at Kemsley Mills — alongside the famous No. 5 machine, largest in the world — Bowaters are installing a huge new paper-making machine. It is as long as an aircraft hangar, a factory in its own right. **Its cost: over one million pounds.** Yet, under the Bowater international development programme, **five more such machines are to be installed** — two at Thames Mills, two at Mersey Mills, the other at Bowaters' Tennessee Mills, expanding even now, so soon after their acclamation last year as the greatest Anglo-American industrial venture since the war. Together these machines will produce some 370,000 tons of paper a year — a noticeable proportion of the entire world supply. They are the very heart of a master plan of expansion that includes *new power stations and pulp mills, new factories for the manufacture of building board, corrugated containers and high-grade tissues.* One of the great industrial enterprises of the century is under way.

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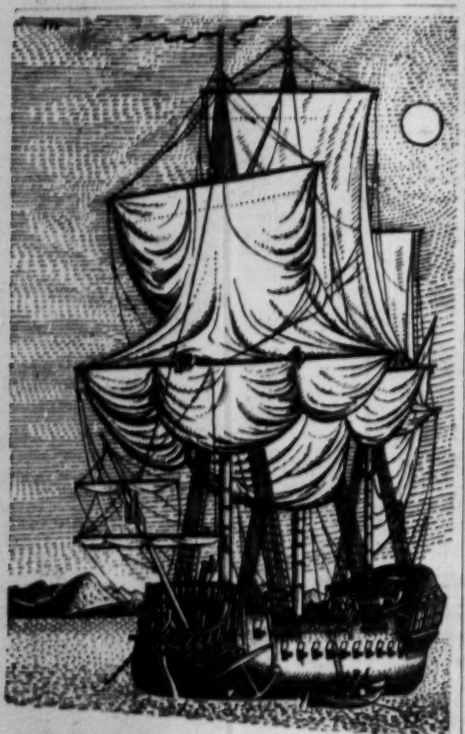
Shame or Tenacity

SATISH GUJRAL, who has 28 canvases at the Imperial Institute, is a 29-year-old Indian. "In epic vein he has given form to horror and pain at man's beastliness: and despair at the hopelessness of a change for the better ever coming to him. His pictures are disturbing—even terrifying. Standing in their midst one is ashamed of being a man." Fortunately this quotation from the catalogue is a decided exaggeration. Gujral's paintings of peasants caught in the partition of the Punjab, and his later works, painted in Mexico under the strong influence of Orozco, all express suffering. If one stands in the middle of the gallery, one looks round at figure after figure wrapped in cloaks and draperies that hang in the rhythm of an undulating wail; and against these are sharp, jagged shapes of red, orange, bruised purple and hard green. When the draperies are white they seem to give relief to the flaring furnace of colour around them—the white of hospital sheets; but then this relief is immediately counteracted by their shape—they become hospital sheets torn into shreds. Bodies are huddled on the ground. Mouths are loose with cries. Even in the straightforward portraits there is a rawness that precludes all ease. Gujral paints in the wake, as it were, of a heavy terrible blade. To believe him one has to risk blunting the imagination which our security has allowed us to refine. But—and this is the mistake of the Introduction—he is not a hopeless painter. It is true that he is trapped in the suffering he has experienced, and he would be humanly a broader painter if he could step back a little. As it is, he takes advantage of the only perspective he can: the perspective of his absolute determination to communicate. One does not feel that Gujral is a born painter, but a man who happens to paint to say what he must. He is as singleminded as Picasso—though naturally he hasn't Picasso's mastery. This singlemindedness, combined with his firm drawing, makes his pictures carry like warnings; but it also proves that Gujral believes that protest has a point. In a canvas like *Grapes of Wrath* the arms of the lynched victim are painted with ferocity and an appearance of speed as fast as the pain itself. Whilst any artist can identify himself with any victim to that extent and whilst any spectator can follow that identification, one cannot be ashamed of being a man; rather, one is more convinced than ever in the fight against those interests and prejudices that so viciously betray him. I am not certain how distinguished a painter Gujral is, but I am certain that his exhibition should provoke, both humanly and artistically, as many people as possible.



1745 When Bonnie PRINCE CHARLIE reached Scotland aboard the French Ship LA DOUTELLE he brought with him the recipe of his OWN liqueur. This recipe is the ROMANTIC origin of the aristocrat of liqueurs, DRAMBUIE.

Mr. Philip James says of Giacometti, 90 of whose drawings, paintings and sculptures are on show at the Arts Council, that "He raises the *angst* of our age to the level of ecstasy." Mr. Sylvester adds that Giacometti's works imply that "Life passes and all awareness is nostalgia." This view of Giacometti might help to explain why, at the age of 54, he has produced so little finished work (everything he does seems only the seed or residue of an idea) and may explain, too, his fashionable influence on the young. His thin scribbly drawings of heads with a hard pencil, his ashen paintings of solitary figures in his studio—their solidity established by scouring lines, his pin-men sculptures which look as though everything but their armature has been burnt away—these do indicate a melancholic vision. But to turn Giacometti's affliction into a virtue is to ignore his struggle and to misunderstand his small but true achievement. In his best paintings and drawings (his portraits, for example, of Sartre, his mother, Diego and Annette) he shows what he is attempting. He wants to take each plane of a solid object, follow it to its edge and then, if that edge is facing the spectator, to sharpen it until it is like the blade of a piece of grass: if it is facing away from the spectator to lose it by smoothing it away into the space behind.

It is an effect slightly similar to that given by those distorting mirrors which make you very tall, magnifying the central vertical line of your body and diminishing everything else. More accurately, it is as though he treats every surface as if it were made up of the edges of the leaves of a slightly open book. The effect is to emphasise the idea of the third dimension (each object is like a wedge that has been driven through the implied space of the picture towards the spectator), and, emotionally, to express the sharpness of nervous comprehension—everything strikes you between the eyes. Thus, at his best, Giacometti is neither nostalgic nor despairing; on the contrary, he describes the keenness of the nerve and of the intelligence—their tenacity even when stripped of all comfort. His art is tortured but it endures and does not break faith. The difficulty comes when he tries to apply the same ideas to sculpture. Because a piece of sculpture can be seen from any direction, he has to sharpen it all the way round until nothing is left but a whittled stick of bronze and a gesture. A few of his recent heads are less distorted and suggest that an unconventional form of bas-relief might be more suitable for his purposes. But on the whole his sculpture denies its very medium and those who find it so "poignant" are, I am convinced, only using it to confirm their own desiccated view of life in general.

At the Beaux Arts, there are some canvases by William Goldsmith, a young English painter whose still-lives and portraits are slightly reminiscent of Soutine and Mark Gertler. The problem of using very rich colour is that one has to match the drama of the colour with a drama of drawing; if not the result is merely gawdy. If you outline a hand in vermilion against Prussian blue, that outline must contain a hand whose structure and character is equally striking. This is why usually only highly mature painters are great colourists. Goldsmith, who is a serious student, succeeds quite well in *Two Little Girls in a Landscape*, in the *Portrait of Dr. Stevens* and in his *Self-Portrait*: in some of the others less well.

Robert Medley at the Leicester Galleries is probably one of the most tasteful, skilful and quick-witted painters in this country. He can make the most subdued colours sing, can make any figure eloquent with a few accents of his brush and is incapable of pretentiousness or cheapness. Furthermore he has no formula. He continues to develop because he begins afresh with each painting. All these new paintings—street and river scenes, pictures of bicyclists, interiors with antique sculptures, still-lives—are a source of sheer visual pleasure. The colours of a coal tip, a bus, Michelangelo's Slave, seem to have flown on to the canvas, found their distance effortlessly and then been set vibrating by accents which suggest all their idiosyncrasies. Here is real aesthetic selection—the Fulham Road made Parnassus—which is not effete. Yet, nevertheless, are they too elegant or slight? Certainly Medley lives, not in an Ivory, but in a Crystal Tower; he looks out on to his subject always interested but always separate. Any occasional weakness in his pictures is usually in the foreground because his whole system of vision and rotation is geared to the middle distance. Obviously he is not a painter of great passion but he is a very civilised one. I find it impossible to assess his work more accurately than that, because it was he who taught me most of what I know about painting.

The exhibition of Polish film posters at the Polish Cultural Institute, 81 Portland Place, is well worth a visit. It shows the variety and freedom of the work produced during the last eight years, and also what posters can be when liberated from the spurious demands of box-office cheesecake. Our only comparable examples are those of the Academy Cinema.

JOHN BERGER

Mr. Harding's New Programme

ONE of the persons the B.B.C., in contrast to the American broadcasting systems, has always frowned upon is the radio or television equivalent of the newspaper columnist, the man who, whether presenting news or opinions, does so through the medium of his personality. The B.B.C., indeed, has always been at pains to prevent its broadcasters, especially those dealing with serious topics—gardening, shall we say, or advice on health is another matter—from building themselves up into personalities. A commanding personality must not be allowed too long a run on the air. Thus, before the war, Mr. Vernon Bartlett, who looked at one time as though he would become *the* radio commentator on foreign affairs, was quite speedily pushed out into silence. Again, during the war, when the immediate crisis of 1940, which formed the essential subject of his postscripts, was surmounted, Mr. Priestley more or less disappeared as a radio spokesman.

Of course one sees the point. Personality is a form of power, and no one must be permitted to become too powerful, too influential. Power must be controlled by the B.B.C. itself and not by individuals using it as a platform; and so on. Yet this ban on personality, no matter how lofty the motive behind it, does lead the B.B.C. into some difficult situations which, in fact, are got round only at the expense of good broadcasting or television. The obvious current example is *Television News*, which consists fundamentally of the not inspiring spectacle of a news-reader from sound broadcasting sitting at his desk in the studio and reading the news bulletins from typed sheets. That we are allowed to see him at all is the merest concession to television.

But this deep distrust of commanding personality also means that, even when it finds one, the B.B.C. doesn't quite know what to do with it. Now, it would, I think, be generally accepted that the most commanding personality broadcasting has thrown up during the past ten years or so is Mr. Gilbert Harding, and my reflections here are the result of watching his new television pro-

gramme, *Harding Finds Out*. In a sense, Mr. Harding's job as a broadcaster or television performer has always been simply to be himself. But a man must always have something, as it were, to be himself through, and in the past Mr. Harding has altogether too rarely been given material adequate either to his personality or to his gifts—which are considerable—of intelligence, sensitivity and expression. He has, too often, been thrown to the public as a public spectacle. Consider his appearances in the panel game *What's My Line?* Without him it was dead, or just another panel game, which is the same thing. But when he was there its main appeal consisted of the thoroughly ignoble one of the prospect of Mr. Harding blowing his top in a fury of frustration at the triviality and silliness of the proceedings in which he found himself; and what one was conscious of all the time was waste, the waste of a man so much bigger than his company.

Well, Mr. Harding tried his hand at interviewing. He was not a success; and why should he have been? So the waste continued, while all the time it should have been clear that the solution to the problem was to give him a regular half-an-hour programme that should be the equivalent of a column in a newspaper. That is precisely what *Harding Finds Out* is, and it looks like being the answer to the Harding problem. The idea is that viewers send Mr. Harding questions on current topics which he and his investigators attempt to solve. Now there is a whole range of current topics, from politics to the arts, on which I would not seek Mr. Harding's view and on which, I imagine, he himself would not wish to pronounce. But he is a civilised, humane and liberal-minded man, and on those minor but nonetheless nagging nuisances of our time which come within the category of social behaviour and manners generally, I would listen to him with great respect. It was on such nuisances that he concentrated in the second number of *Harding Finds Out* the other evening. The problem of litter, the problem of tipping, who should be tipped and how much, the destruction or obscuration of fine buildings: these were his subjects, discussed with impressive documentation and with the help of expert witnesses—Sir Hugh Casson talked to us about King's Cross Station, for instance. A good programme, it seemed to me, an appeal to the social conscience. Mr. Harding, I hope, has found his niche at last.

Unexpectedly good, too, was *In the News*, partly because of the composition of the team, Mr. George Woodcock, Mr. Fletcher-Cooke, M.P., and two young members, Mr. Maurice Macmillan and Mr. Francis Noel-Baker. But partly, also, because almost the whole of the session was devoted to a single issue, the whole subject of trade unions and their functions. The discussion was at a high level the whole time; there was no pandering to party or to prospects of easy popularity. Indeed, politics or political lines came in not at all; Mr. Macmillan, for example, agreed rather more often with Mr. Noel-Baker than he did with Mr. Fletcher-Cooke.

Harding Finds Out and *In the News* are programmes for the millions; their success has to be measured in those terms. There are also programmes for the thousands—in the Third; and one of these especially pleased me: *Conversation at Merlou*, by Mr. Frank Kermode and Mr. Iain Fletcher, an imaginary conversation between Herbert of Cherbury, Marino and a Renaissance critic on the nature of poetry. It was learned, witty and light.

WILLIAM SALTER

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Great Garbo

"Camille," at the Ritz

One's memories of Garbo are clouded by the many bad films in which she appeared, by performances that were—not bad, perhaps—but a little too far below her best. Some actresses might have gone on so, growing in age and stature, confident that their virtue lay in themselves, and that too good a "vehicle" could at times be distracting. Not Garbo. She has given up. (Or so we might be justified in assuming.) Then she was haunted by quality? But if so, why, why has she never insisted? At once we are face to face with one aspect of the Garbo mystery: her indifference. Not an easy indifference. She has done, too often, what she was told; done it in her own way, on her own terms, but still toed a line meant for others. Where she has held out most, it has been for money, for the private life: never, or not nearly enough, for an art, hers or others, the great actresses seem to have triumphed either by putting themselves irresistibly into anything or by distilling a passion. Garbo has done neither, or, rather, a little of both. Is she, then, not a great actress? Film history requires that she should be. But apart from that, apart from the legend and the withdrawal, one can't resist the feeling that somehow or other—if only by beauty of an indecipherable kind—she has acquired greatness.

The visitor to *Camille*—whether fresh to it or returning, as I do, after twenty years—will find no equivocation, but the total blending of art, beauty, and appeal. If this is not a perfect performance, we shall never see one on a screen. Its effect is not only that it carries us away in the track of Garbo, whom we may have discounted or never known, but that we fall in love with her in this particular character and situation, so that afterwards it is very hard to say whether the spell has been that of the story or the actress. I should have to re-read Dumas to know. My guess is that he, too, has produced something perfect in its kind: the wonderful libretto that only awaits its music. And Garbo—forgetting Verdi and others for the moment—is that liberating music, which can move us to rapture or tears. *This* lady of the camellias is one of the great heroines, raised—by no obvious means except the volatile presence of one who always is without seeming—to the level of Anna Karenina, Juliet. In play and earnest, in golden duplicity, in love and renunciation, she transmits pure feeling where second-rate sentiment could so easily predominate. Garbo exults, laughs a hard little laugh, flares with her passion of life in death, and never descends. If her love scenes, with the head bent back, are such as painters might dream of, she can manage death, too; she is gay and heartrending, callous, spontaneous, unearthly. The other ingredients—George Cukor's direction, Robert Taylor's handsome lover, and the comedy of what is called the "half-world"—is magnetised to her action. A few more such performances would remove any doubts about the claim to great acting. And who knows that the revivals promised us will not reveal them?

I look forward with excitement to rediscovering her as Christina, Ninotchka, Marie Landowska, and in roles from Pirandello and Maugham. Since seeing *Camille* I have read John Bainbridge's *Garbo* (Frederick Muller, 16s.), and can recommend it as the most energetic and perceptive attempt yet made to elucidate a legend. Here she is from labourer's daughter to uncrowned queen—and if some mystery remains that is hardly Mr. Bainbridge's fault. She goes into films as a plump bathing belle, voyages the Atlantic and from silence into broken speech, emerges with the most beautiful mask of her times, apostrophises love in a mac—"Mademoiselle Hamlet." He sums her up as "a woman with a child's charming, tragic innocence . . . shrewd, selfish, wilful, instinctive, completely self-absorbed. . . . Greta would make a secret out of whether she had an egg for breakfast."

WILLIAM WHITEBAIT

iron curtain . . .

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Correspondence

LESSON FOR LABOUR

SIR,—The disquieting feature of most post-election pronouncements is that they sound like noises prepared before the event and released upon the development of the anticipated situation. The general failure of mental effort, the resumption of parliamentary shadow-boxing, the excuses and analyses, the organisational emphasis, the accusation and counter-accusation—all these lend support to Professor Cole's conclusion that the ballot-box will never give birth to a Socialist society.

On the other hand, the World Socialist Movement is even less likely to do so. I am a member but I would regard any colleague in the Labour Party who abandoned effort within the Party and devoted himself solely to the new movement as having forsaken the difficult, perhaps hopeless, substance, for the attractive and satisfying shadow. The two things should go together. Let the W.S.M. help to create a climate in which Socialism can grow; the hard agricultural work will still have to be done. While the World Socialist Movement is busy rain-making (an essential job) the Labour Party has to decide how to get on with the tasks in hand. It might do worse than begin by asking itself whether Professor Cole is right in thinking that Welfare Capitalism (a) renders Socialism a ballot-box loser and (b) can provide a reasonably stable economy.

I think he is wrong on both counts.

HUGH JENKINS

25 Westmoreland Terrace, S.W.1.

SIR,—We are often indebted to Mr. Cole for a realistic assessment of the position of the Socialist movement, and of its shortcomings in theory and practice. But it seems to me that in his critique of the Marxist theory of capitalist society, he has missed the solid core of truth to fasten on errors that are incidental. The specious and temporary success of "Tory Freedom" must not be allowed to obscure the long-term forces that are at work.

True we have not been plunged into "increasing poverty" by recurring crises. On the contrary we seemed to have "solved" the problem of economic crises within the framework of the capitalist system. But how has this "solution" been effected? How have the evil results of "surplus value" been avoided? Only by an immense increase, relatively and absolutely, in the size of Government expenditure. In the United States, Federal, State and Local Government purchases of goods and services accounted, in 1929, for 8.1% of the gross national product. In 1953 they accounted for 23.2%. This increase was almost entirely due to the growth of Federal Government spending. Do we have to question further why the slump of 1929 has not been repeated today?

The greater relative size of Government expenditure has a stabilising effect on the economy that was lacking in 1929. Its greater absolute size provides us with a "floor" to the economy much higher than we have ever enjoyed before.

But this "solution" poses other problems for capitalist society. If the system can only provide security in the event that a substantial State budget becomes one of its permanent features, then it becomes of major importance to know how this money is going to be raised and spent. It is to these questions that Socialist parties of the West have mainly addressed themselves, and it is here that they take issue with their capitalist opponents. Socialists press for a more equitable distribution of the tax burden, and for greater expenditure on welfare, and sometimes, taking their courage in both hands, for less on arms.

If we conclude that this is all there is to it, then Mr. Cole's analysis stands, and there is no reason why capitalists cannot go on outbidding Socialists at the Welfare auction until Domesday. But this is not all. Capitalist society will never be able to devote the full amount of Government expenditure necessary to keep the system going in welfare for the subjective reason that capitalists themselves will always frown on such development, and for the objective reasons that a system which is based on incentives of "grab and acquisitiveness" cannot function properly if the wolf is too far away from the door. Besides, a system based on the exploitation of colonial peoples will always require a large arms budget.

In short, capitalist society has only "solved" the problem of economic crises and stagnation by the expedient of devoting a substantial proportion of its resources to the production of war potential. How long can we go on "solving" our problems this way without paying a price in blood that may be vastly greater than what was paid to eradicate Fascism? Unsteadiness in the American economy has already brought us perilously close to war in the Far East on three occasions. Have we any reason to believe that we shall be luckier in the future?

Surely all the indications are in the opposite direction. A society where man must struggle against man to obtain the means of life must also be a society where man is alienated by man, that is, where man is treated as an object by his society and not recognised as a human being by his fellow men. Alienation has always made men prone to violence, if only as the last possible means of self-expression, however perverted. Jingoism has thrived on this, and will always do so. Short-run good luck should not hide from us the fact that in the long run capitalism means war or the threat of war constantly averted by hair-breadth escapes, both because as an economic system it tends objectively to increasing arms production, and because as a way of life it is subjectively intolerable for the majority.

If Marx is interpreted as predicting the certain arrival of Socialism, then we must amend Marx. No historical event is "inevitable" in this sense. Socialism may end by being "the voice crying in the wilderness." But that does not mean that capitalist society has resolved the internal contradictions that Marx saw—they are today, if anything, more acute. Marx's critique, in substance, remains valid not as historical prediction, but as a judgment of the intolerableness of the present system. We are not in the grip of an historic necessity which will carry us through a mysterious dialectic to the promised land. But then it is doubtful if Marx ever said that we were. We are however, before the alternative which Marxists have always posed: either Socialism or the end, by internal and external violence, of our civilisation.

CHARLES TAYLOR

Balliol College, Oxford.

THE FUTURE OF EAST AFRICA

SIR,—Mr. Creech Jones said that the Royal Commission on East Africa finds in the European Highlands of Kenya no great extent of unused and underdeveloped land. I have not been able to find the section that gives this information, and passages on pages 60 and 61 speak of some such land.

Some figures are available from *Hansard* of 16/7/52. They are for land actually unallocated to Europeans.

Total suitable for arable farming ..	7,500 acres
Suitable only for pasture	141,000 acres
Useless land	43,000 acres
Townships, forests and Native reserves	16,500 acres
Highlands land unallocated to Europeans	208,000 acres

Calculated on Central African experience the available 150,000 acres of marginal land might provide a living and a cash crop surplus for 5,000 African families. It is not a negligible contribution but a solution must be looked for elsewhere.

If one takes the twelve most-overcrowded districts in Appendix VIII of the Report and relieves them of all population above 21 families of an average of 5 each to the square mile, one finds that approximately 1,000,000 Africans must find new homes.

The "Troup" Report of 1953 says that there are 4,000 Europeans in Kenya engaged in agriculture, and that many would be better off working intensively a smaller area. If the average of their holdings was reduced to one square mile or 640 acres, there would be 12,000 square miles of land in the highlands available for Africans. If one cuts out 20% as useless land (the proportion given in the figures quoted above), one finds that there would be room for 200,000 families or, say, 1,000,000 Africans.

That is a theoretical solution. If it is said that I am putting forward a politically impracticable plan, I can plead that I am in good company. Remember, too, that it is politically impracticable to take 35% of the land fit for arable farming from an agricultural community and give it to the 0.5% of the population who are of one alien race. (Those figures are calculated from Appendix IV and Map 2 of the Report.)

The resettlement of much of the Highlands by Africans must be part of any plan for Kenya that faces the facts. The Royal Commission's report gives its authority to the idea. Mau Mau has shaken the attachment of many Europeans to Kenya. A generous offer by the Government would induce many farmers to sell their land. African resettlement of this land under agricultural control would relieve the pressure in the reserves and, by giving to many their first hope of decent and prosperous lives, would reduce unrest to manageable proportions.

This course of action is at the back of the minds of all who are thinking of Kenya's future. Let it come to the front in every discussion of a solution for the present misery.

THOMAS FOX PITT

12 Kensington Court Place, W.8.

ELEVEN PLUS

SIR,—Full of fellow feeling though I am for "P.H.", his suggestions about the 11-plus exam. strike me as reactionary and inadequate. He would, as I understand it, let "borderline" children from "good" homes, take the Grammar School places of more promising children from "poor" homes—lest the poor ones should leave early and so waste their Grammar education. This would indeed be a step backward to the old days when the brilliant 11-year-old was deprived of even a glimpse of the education which is his birthright. (Note that P.H.'s "Johnny Brown" is in the top stream of his school.) And the Grammar School would revert to its problem of the 1930s; the school-leavers now would be borderliners who hadn't made good, who were unsuitable for advanced work, and who were glad to leave at 16.

The remedy does not consist in putting less able children into the Grammar Schools, and allowing

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clever ones to attend Secondary Modern Schools—thereby incidentally adding a further complication to the Modern School's problems. It is two-fold:—

(a) there should be adequate maintenance payable for poor children at Grammar Schools, and it should be legally binding for children who have taken such a place, to complete their 5-year course there.

(b) there should be, within the reach of every family, at least one Secondary Modern School equipped and staffed to provide a full 5-year course leading to G.C.E., with possibility of entry into Grammar School 6th Form for children capable of such work, and whose parents desire it. Every S.M. School has a substantial number of such children, but few schools are so equipped, in spite of parents' wishes in this respect.

So much for the reactionary aspect of the suggestion. But it is also totally inadequate to deal with the size of the problem. It is common knowledge that there are large numbers of "borderline" 11-year-olds—who may or may not take to a full academic education; but in many areas the number of premature leavers is very small—but a tiny fraction of those who wish for a Grammar School course. And of those who leave at 15, very few, I would guess, have parents who would have refused the Grammar School place four years earlier; these parents usually make the initial sacrifices readily, even if they cannot assess how much the cost of living will rise. The number of places which the "poor" children might be encouraged to vacate, would, in fact, not correspond with the large number of potential State Scholars.

Chalfont St. Peter, Bucks. BARBARA BRANDES

SIR,—I was very interested to see the letter from my colleague, the Headmaster of a Secondary Modern School, about the 11-plus examination. I have no doubt at all that the account of the experience of his children is a true one, and that indeed in certain areas the kind of atmosphere he describes does in fact exist. It is, I think, only fair, however, to recognise that this is not necessarily the atmosphere in all parts of the country.

During the last three years I have had two daughters concerned in taking the examination at 11 years. Both of them failed to obtain a place in a Grammar School and both of them are now very happy and making excellent progress at a Secondary Modern School. I have no doubt that, as in Mr. Kelly's case, the matter was given the minimum of importance at home, and certainly we had no evidence from our daughters that they were particularly depressed by their failure or at any time particularly anxious about the results. There was certainly no evidence that pupils in the Primary School they were attending regarded them as failures because they did not obtain a Grammar School place.

I entirely agree with Mr. Kelly that the effect of two further examinations in the following two years must aggravate the situation very seriously from the Secondary Modern Schools point of view. This is not general, however, and in this county transfers from Secondary Modern Schools to Grammar Schools can take place at any time without any formal examination, except such as a Grammar School may feel necessary if there is intense competition for places. Perhaps this situation may explain why many teachers do not feel that the situation is quite so tragic even when their own children do not achieve success.

If we must have an 11-year examination, and it is clear that for a few years in many areas this will be so, the answer would appear to lie in a proper perspective by the local authority, by the Primary Schools and by the parents combined.

Stevenage, Herts. F. C. A. CAMMAERTS

SUSPENDED SENTENCE

SIR,—Critic comments on the difficulties magistrates have in finding alternatives to sentences of imprisonment, and says he rather favours the "suspended sentence" which operates in many countries abroad.

Under the 1948 Criminal Justice Act magistrates can now give offenders a "conditional discharge," which means that the offender is discharged, but if convicted again within 12 months the original offence will be brought up when sentence is being considered.

It is true that this is not as specific as the "suspended sentence," but as a magistrate I find it provides a good alternative, in many cases, to short terms of imprisonment and to probation. The grave disadvantages, and often sheer hopelessness, of the former are well known. But without the use of "conditional discharge" our already overworked probation officers would be further saddled with offenders not needing probation, and would thus have even less time to give to those who need their help so badly. ALMA BIRK

IRAQI STUDENTS

SIR,—We would like to draw the attention of your readers to the case of Mr. Mohamed Bakir Alwan, an Iraqi student of engineering at Manchester University, whose grant has been withdrawn by the Government of Iraq. This action has been taken on the ostensible grounds that Mr. Alwan has broken his agreement with the Iraqi authorities not to take part in political activities while in this country. So far as we know this is not the case, and repeated efforts by both individuals and by the students' union to obtain from the Iraqi Embassy a statement of the evidence on which their action was based have proved completely fruitless. In these circumstances we can only regard this as an example of unreasonable victimisation and, it appears, one of many, as ten other Iraqi students have had their grants withdrawn at the same time as Mr. Alwan and last year similar action was taken against six other students, although these latter eventually had their grants restored after the Iraqi Government had been compelled to admit the weakness of its case against them. We feel that this kind of persecution is repugnant to liberal-minded people, and this feeling is widely shared among members of this University, 1,124 of whom have signed a petition to that effect.

University Union, Manchester, 13. DAVID G. POOLE
EMMANUEL J. UREN
JOHN D. RAYNER

BET BERL LABOUR COLLEGE

SIR,—When I was recently in Israel I was greatly impressed by the Bet Berl Labour College at Kfar Sabra. It is owned and run by the Labour Movement, and there are continuous courses in Socialism, Social Science, Working Class History and Trade Union Administration. Bet Berl has a fine library, particularly of works in Russian and German. The books in the English language, however, come increasingly from American sources and the views of our own British political thinkers, historians and economists are by no means adequately represented.

There are at present many obstacles in the way of books being purchased from England, and I was specially asked to appeal to friends in Great Britain with books that might be useful, and who are prepared to sacrifice them, to give them to the Bet Berl Labour College and so help Israel along the road to democratic Socialism. Books (or donations with which new books can be bought) should be sent to the Political Secretary of Poale Zion, Mr. Sidney Goldberg, at 2 Bloomsbury Place, London, W.C.1. Arrangements for the collection of large quantities of books can be made by telephoning Museum 4702. Every volume will be labelled so that the donor's name appears. ANTHONY GREENWOOD

House of Commons, S.W.1.

SIR ERNEST SHACKLETON

SIR,—We are writing a biography of Sir Ernest Shackleton (1874-1922). The Antarctic explorer's family has kindly given us access to all relevant papers in its possession, many of them unpublished.

We are most anxious to get in touch with all who knew Shackleton, particularly those who shared his business enterprises as well as those who explored with him. Any documents or correspondence in the possession of his friends and colleagues would be welcomed, respected, promptly transcribed and returned.

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BOOKS IN GENERAL

Testing for Poetry

A TEST for pure silk, which I have never had the courage to apply while actually in a shirt shop, is to set fire to a shred of the material and see if you are left with a tiny, friable ball. With celanese, the ball is hard. With weighted silk, the metal skeleton remains. Other fabrics flare up and leave nothing. Unfortunately, there is no universal test for poetry, although the shiver down the spine rests on no less an authority than A. E. Housman. But this will always provoke the challenge of, "Whose spine?" Or, against other attempts at jurisdiction, "Whose taste? Whose mind? Whose sensibility?" And poetry remains a subjectively or variously appreciated art, with no general agreement on its essential qualities.

This has never silenced the critic. On the contrary, the openness of the field perpetually tempts him to set up his own assaying-system. Such systems are of two main kinds: the academic and the emancipated. The first rests ultimately upon rules, often temporarily promoted to the rank of principles. This is its nature, since it must lend itself to exposition and to examination. The emancipated kind derives whatever authority it has from the palate of some individual taster of poetry, sufficiently eminent and persuasive to give a lead to his less discriminating contemporaries. It is personal and often excitingly readable, since it follows the principle of nearly all articulate criticism of discussing one thing in terms of another which happens to be more fashionable. Theology, metaphysics, psychology, linguistics, painting, music and geometry have all at some time or another provided sets of analogies for poetry. When these analogies are cultivated too intensively, they grow into a kind of tree with a monstrous vegetable logic of its own. Acquiring an imbecile consistency and method, they may even invade the academic, until professors are pruning their roots and students are nesting in the branches. At this point, it is much too late for the original critic, if he is still alive and lucid, to protest that he did not mean so much, that he was only throwing out a few fruitful comparisons. The more fruitful they were, the louder his memory will be derided. The only cure for a parasitic critical system is the axe and the bonfire, and into this an uncaring posterity will fling root with branch—Boileau with the sublime, Taine with the evolution of the genres, others still living with the approach through semantics. Yet their general motivation was a revulsion against literary natter, their particular mistake was only to have strayed from the point too precisely. If vagueness is irritating, precision in dealing with poetry can be horribly dangerous. It lulls one into a false sense of comprehension, into a belief that things expressed in one idiom (and that the most idiomatic of all, whose one certain basic property is that it *is* an idiom) can be adequately interpreted in another. If critics of the highest standing have been fatally kicked in their tenderest reputations, it was because they forgot what the Greeks, with their exquisite sense of analogy and symbol, had already told them. Poetry is neither a god nor a machine, but a horse.

This is what Sir Maurice Bowra would seem to imply in the first chapter of an exceedingly wide-ranging book*. Wisely, if gingerly, he begins by a description of the forms which "inspiration" has taken for poets. The primitive poet felt himself to be divinely possessed in the whole of his utterance. The sophisticated poet may be inspired only in his *vers donnés*, but the fact that he (and we) entertain such a conception at all shows that we still subscribe to a notion of partial inspiration—"even if we ascribe it to the poet's unconscious self or to some innate powers which he is not able to summon at will." There is the further phenomenon of sustained or recurrent inspiration such as is needed to give unity of tone to a long poem, and which seems attributable to a profound experience, or even a vision, at the origin. Finally, there is the sort of inspiration which thrives on the challenge of technically difficult verse-forms, like those of Greek lyric poetry. Sir Maurice lists these kinds, with many apt examples, but without attempting to analyse the process of poetic creation. Perhaps he could be no more conclusive than his predecessors, yet the discussion would have been interesting. What one would like to know is whether the creative impulse in poetry is essentially different from the same impulse in other activities, or whether it is only assumed to be because of a still surviving *mystique* of the voice of the god. A good deal more might be learnt from the poets' own accounts of it than is said here. They would at least be pertinent to the recognition of "inspiration" by the reader, on which Sir Maurice is much too forthright. He instances *Paradise Lost*, *Kubla Khan*, the poems of Pushkin and Blok, the songs of Shakespeare and Blake, as works in which we

> feel that the poet is more truly himself than at any other time, that he does with a new power what he alone can do, that he exerts his individual gifts to the fullest stretch of his being.

It is true that when a poet is at the top of his individual form, the reader will know it. But if he associates every successful poem or passage with an original creative impulse which he calls inspiration, he will have some explaining to do in face of laborious poets like Virgil, Horace and Pope, intricate poets like Scève, Donne or Marino, or intricate and laborious at once, like Góngora or Mallarmé. What draws an instant response in poetry are those lines which embody the simultaneous discovery of a concept and of the words which express it. At least, it appears to have been simultaneous, but who can say? To invoke "inspiration" in all such cases is to take much for granted and can easily create confusion. "Most of us, sooner or later," writes Sir Maurice, "discriminate between authentic poetry and mere verse, between the real thing and the manufactured article, between *le vers donné* and *le vers calculé*." Most of us, unfortunately, can do no such thing, except in extreme cases, where the difference is too obvious to matter. Otherwise, the sheer pressure of evidence has forced open the frontier between poetry and verse. We hardly distinguish between "real" and "manufactured," since what we are judging is all equally the handiwork of the same poet. As for the *vers donné*, the author of that term once observed that about one-sixth of the lines in *La Jeune Parque* were of this kind—the rest was *calculé*. Can anyone, without access to manuscripts, say which was which, particularly as Valéry's final "calculations" spread a unifying gloss over the whole poem? Sir Maurice rates the natural discrimination of the reader, as well as of the critic, impossibly high.

This chapter is the prelude to a dozen essays on subjects ranging from the *Odes* of Horace to Hölderlin's *Hymns*, from Dante and Milton to Pushkin, Pater and Hardy. Each of the studies performs the most loyal service that criticism can render, of sending one with heightened appetite to the original—or, for many readers, to a translation of it. These discussions of poets writing in nine different languages over a couple of millennia are not too heterogeneous, as the author modestly fears they may seem to be. At least, they are not so because of their subjects, on which each is a piece of immediately pertinent and sympathetic writing. But one feels some regret that Sir Maurice has not used his exceptional knowledge as a polyglot scholar to draw more searching comparisons between his various poets. His remark that "the study of poetry is, after all, as much a single pursuit as that of music or painting" is, intentionally or not, a sighting-shot at the one-literature specialist. We stand prepared to cheer, indeed to howl. But no broadside follows. Sir Maurice remains enthusiastic for his separate poets, but diffident and detached in the face of over-specialisation.

But if the study of poetry, in whatever language it is written, is a single pursuit—and no doubt it is—how ought it to be pursued? The consideration which must have deterred Sir Maurice from moving to any ultimate point was no doubt born of experience and of a humanistic spirit which can only be praised. For the abstract approach, needing only a good analytical mind and a library of translations and works on literary theory, is unthinkable in this field. The approach must be concrete. But, from the nature of the material, very few are qualified to make it, and hardly anyone could follow them. It requires the power to assess the real quality of what is being read in a great number of languages. One cannot take that quality on trust from translations; the matter is too vital. And poetry, after all, is *not* like painting or even music—arts of which a single sensibility can, with training, experience a wide range of idioms at first hand. With poetry, the necessity for the direct human response runs up against human limits.

If analogies are to be used—and how do without them?—perhaps the most serviceable is to speak of the *texture* of poetry. It means no more or less than the way in which words are put together. It lends itself to many

* *Inspiration and Poetry*. By C. M. BOWRA. *Macmillan*. 21s.

secondary metaphors — close-woven, self-coloured, machine-finished, cross-stitched—without diverging too radically from the original thing. It comes near to the view which many poets themselves have of poetry. "Texture" is a favourite term of Dr. Edith Sitwell's. "To weave verses" is almost a cliché. In the same order, Sir Maurice Bowra tells us that the Provençal *arts poétiques* of the twelfth century divided words into "combed" (*pexa*) and "shaggy" (*hirsuta*) and that Dante adopted the analogy and part of the theory attached to it:

> Matthieu de Vendôme expressly lays down that words should not be *hirsuta* and that the writer should take care "lest from poverty of ornament, the shaggy accumulation of words in metre seems to indicate beggarliness," on the principle that no one makes a festal garment from goat's wool. This was the traditional view, and Dante revolutionises it by claiming that both "combed" and "shaggy" words are needed in a full style, since they contribute equally to an ultimate grandeur.

One could apply similar terms to any developed literature in the world and the theory would be understood, but to test it in practice, as though poetry were in reality a plastic art, is another matter. Valid comparisons can be drawn between Shantung silk and Rhône Valley silk because the raw material is the same, even if the processing differs. But between a Lyons poet and a Chinese poet, when the raw material is two entirely different languages, what comparison can be more than a rough approximation?

This is the dilemma of comparative criticism, when it seeks to cut across several literatures. It dare not claim to be confronting like with like, since the basic material is plainly dissimilar. Yet at any moment comparable processes seem to be going on. The early medieval epic, the lyric verse of the Renaissance with the international sonnet, the Romantic explosion of feeling, pre-Freudian Symbolism, Surrealism—these swept across all linguistic frontiers, sometimes with extraordinarily interesting time-lags which placed the literary product in different historical settings. Are these processes to be described purely in conceptual terms, while the local forms which give them body and which alone make them poetry for the native reader, are disregarded? Of course not. The absurdity of such a prospect will always prevent the student of comparative literature from throwing in his hand. He knows his ideal to be unattainable, but also believes it to be rightly fixed.

GEOFFREY BRERETON

The Clearing

Above this bramble-overarched long lane
Where an autochthonous owl flits to and fro
  In silence,
Above these tangled trees—their roots encumbered
By strawberries, mushrooms, pignuts, flowers' and weeds'
  Exuberance—
The planetary powers gravely observe
  With what dumb patience
You stand at twilight in despair of love,
Though the twigs crackling under a light foot
  Declare her immanence.

ROBERT GRAVES

The Wingate Story

Gideon Goes to War. By LEONARD MOSLEY. *Arthur Barker.* 15*s.*

The short, intense life of Orde Wingate is an almost ideal subject for popular biography. Here was a professional soldier—as ambitious as he was eccentric—who despised and insulted the brass-hats and successfully fought three campaigns in defiance of them. Ironically, on each occasion he owed his survival in the British Army to Field-Marshal Wavell, a civilised soldier-diplomat who was rather indifferently willing to take a chance with unconventional talent.

In pre-war Palestine it was Wavell, as G.O.C. in Jerusalem, who turned a blind eye to Wingate's Special Night Squads, in which he taught the Jews that ruthless offensive tactics were the only effective defence against Arab terrorism. When Wavell's patronage was removed, Wingate, now a convinced Zionist, was labelled a bad security risk for Palestine—which he certainly was—and sent back to Britain in disgrace. His next chance came in the dark days after Italian intervention in 1940, when the enemy seemed certain to overrun the Middle East. Rather half-heartedly, Wavell permitted Wingate to organise a Patriot rising in Abyssinia on behalf of Haile Selassie. Since he was more than usually insulting to G.H.Q., Wingate was allocated a handful of—mostly third-rate—British officers and n.c.o.s, and starved of equipment. But his campaign—conducted quite deliberately along lines designed to explode the myth of Lawrence of Arabia—was miraculously successful. Once again, however, his zeal for the independence of a small people brought him into conflict with his superiors. Guilty of gross insubordination, he was ordered back to Cairo, where he at once circulated an official report on his campaign, so polemical that it had to be burnt. Then, in a fit of depression, he tried unsuccessfully to cut his own throat with a rusty knife. Shipped home as a hopeless psychopathic case, he avoided court martial and was nursed to recovery by his wife Lorna and a devoted Jewish doctor.

Wingate was an adept at irregular operations in Whitehall as well as in the field. He got an interview with the Prime Minister and won his enthusiastic support for the tactic of Long-Range Penetration. This was in complete contradiction to the conventional theory of guerrilla warfare. Instead of supplying arms to local partisans, who might or might not use them in our interests, he believed in training special task forces and operating them far behind the enemy lines. On the spur of the moment, the Prime Minister decided to take the Wingates to the Quebec Conference, and there Orde sold his idea to General Arnold of the American Air Force. He was once again sent to serve under Wavell in India. Wavell was soon removed, but Wingate survived the usual sabotage of his plans by G.H.Q. and, in collaboration with the American Air Force, launched the Chindit campaign, in which he was killed.

That is the skeleton of the Wingate story. Mr. Mosley has two of the qualifications for putting flesh on the bare bones. He is an experienced war correspondent, and he knew Wingate just well enough to want to know him better. He has made *Gideon Goes to War* an extremely readable book. Some of its details and much of its rather slap-dash dramatics will fail to stand up to specialist criticism; but the narrative moves fast and the picture of the man is vivid enough to satisfy the general reader. Yet, despite its obvious journalistic merits, this is not the serious study which Mr. Mosley, I believe, intended. From the military point of view, he has not made a sufficient study of the tactics of Long-Range Penetration to present an authoritative account of the three campaigns; and, although he has visited Israel and discussed Wingate with Moshe Dayan, now the Israeli Chief of Staff, and other survivors of the Special Night Squads, Mr. Mosley quite fails to convince me that he has found the key to Wingate's Zionism. Indeed, in dealing with the

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July 1955

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personality of this soldier-prophet, he has been content to paint a conventionally realistic portrait—with not a wart omitted. It is repellently life-like and tries hard to be fair. But it is just not worthy of the man portrayed. Those of us who want to understand Wingate's real dimensions must wait for a book composed by someone who does not feel so much at ease when confronted with the mysteries and agonies of genius.

For it seems to me that, whether or no Wingate was a great soldier, he was a man of genius. In the public-school hierarchy of the British Army, he suffered the frustration of an intellectual who took war seriously. Written off as a crank by his professional colleagues, he made a pose of his squalid mannerisms—until the pose became the man. Mr. Mosley condemns the intolerant atmosphere of G.H.Q., Cairo and Delhi, but the tone in which he does it is so sensible and condescending that Wingate would probably have found this book even more infuriating than the insults of "the military apes." For a great man to have allowances made for him by an inferior is even worse than being attacked.

I see Wingate as the stiff-necked hero of a Greek tragedy. Sophocles has shown us how the righteous man who knows God's laws, and in their light overrides the laws of man, may challenge fate successfully for a time, and win our sympathy. But in the end, he is brought low by the very excess of his own virtue. Wingate was filled with the kind of pride which the Greeks called *hubris*. On both sides he was descended from soldiers and proconsuls, though his parents were missionaries, steeped in Biblical Christianity and belonging to the Plymouth Brothers. His home at Oxford was an enclave of mid-Victorian austerity and he belonged spiritually to the generation not of the introverted T. E. Lawrence, a distant relative, but of Thomas Arnold and General Gordon. Like them, he knew that he was destined to serve God in action and to exert great authority, whatever the tin-pot politicians and civil servants around him might say. Even in Victorian Britain, Gordon found the mental climate unbearably enervating and was horrified by the unprincipled opportunism which he detected in anyone who tried to thwart him. How much worse was Wingate's fate, whether in Chamberlain's Britain or in a disintegrating Empire, which had lost faith in its manifest destiny of bringing the light of freedom to the peoples who dwelt in colonial darkness.

Wingate had only two alternatives, either to kill himself or to transfer his loyalty to a country which needed a Cromwell. In Palestine he became a Zionist, because there he found a people which still read the Old Testament as divine history and still had a righteous war to win. When he was organising the Special Night Squads, he received the revelation that he had been appointed by God to lead the Jews in their battle for independence—even against the British Empire. For the rest of his life he never wavered in this belief: his campaigns in Abyssinia and Burma were, in his eyes, training for the supreme mission. Most British soldiers and officials who visit the Middle East become romantically pro-Arab. But their enthusiasm is like that of the bird-watcher or the mountaineer. They are romantics, who find deliverance in the desert from the complex decisions of Western civilisation. Wingate's zeal for Zion was of a completely different quality. A ruthless man of action and an inspired egotist, he sought not escape but fulfilment, and the knowledge that this involved a violation of his commission as an officer in His Majesty's Army, and a breach of faith with his own country, did not disturb his conscience.

Alas! Mr. Mosley has written this story as a melodrama. But I agree with his conclusion. Though Ernest Bevin, in 1948, created the perfect condition for Wingate's war, the Israelis could not have accepted him on his own terms as their commander-in-chief. It was fortunate, therefore, for him, that the accident of death eliminated the last act of the tragedy.

R. H. S. CROSSMAN

At The Corrida

Bull Fever. By KENNETH TYNAN. *Longmans.* 18*s.*

In the last few years a large number of foreign tourists in Spain have become bull-fight struck. Very many of these are young Americans following the trail of Hemingway, whose book remains the best in English on the subject, although no longer up to date; the French, always in search of new exotic subjects to intellectualise, are addicts, too. The English are, on the whole, too caught up in their traditional horse-fever to go for the Spanish kind; but there is an excellent short book by John Marks, whose experience is lifelong and who is closer to the Spanish *aficionado* than any other foreigner. And there is now an evocative and well-informed book by Mr. Kenneth Tynan, a sparkler in the new snobbism. He has zest and real feeling. Himself a dramatic critic, he says that the taste for bull-fighting is not surprising in a generation that has become accustomed to violence; or, to put it more generously, to the pursuit of honour through risk; but he has really been drawn by a pagan and classical spectacle and by the techniques and temperaments of the various actors in it. The bull-ring is theatre. He is not concerned with the history of bull-fighting, nor very much with those who have discussed it as a ritual, the re-enacting of a religious myth, an archetypal dilemma or a sado-sexual imbroglio. (I have heard the bull-fight described as an allegory of the destruction of the male principle—the bull, by the female—the matador!) Mr. Tynan knows that a bull-fight cannot be understood unless the subtleties of technique are learned; few tourists bother. He set about discovering the skill, and the main part of his book is a systematic study of a dozen fights seen in Pamplona, Madrid, Valencia, Segovia and Seville in 1952, from this point of view. The book has many vivid portraits, curious life histories and a lot of tauromachic gossip. He has caught the atmosphere wonderfully well, for he has a keen gift for enjoying wine, food and picaresque company. His own critical analogies are with epic drama and tragedy, and the names of Homer and Shakespeare, etc., are dropped pretty freely. I do not mind this. Mr. Tynan is an extremist and an enthusiast, and these are always rewarding on the Spanish subject.

At the bull-fight one's temperature goes up. One is heated and prepared for the experience of most powerful emotions which go to the depths of our animal nature, very much as gambling, at fever pitch, goes to the heart of desire and defiance, fortune and ruin. At the same time, as the storm sweeps us, our nerves are alerted for delight in the moments of grace, wit, authority and sudden beauty. All drama (Mr. Tynan would say) is a flirtation with death. This gnomic statement seems to have the support of Charlie Chaplin, who holds that the clown is aware of death at every instant of his mime. (There is, in fact, a hybrid school of comic bull-fighting which comes directly from Chaplin, but it is æsthetically intolerable because the comics kill the bull.) The true line is the tragic, and we do experience a kind of purgation after the good fights, which has always seemed to me carnal—I don't think Mr. Tynan would agree here. One of his effective dramatic parallels is with *Othello* and, as we know, this is a play which, unless superbly acted, is unbelievably stupid. Bad bull-fights, like bad *Othellos*, are boring and shameful, and this accounts for the immediate disgusts of the touchy Spanish crowd. I doubt if the Spaniards themselves speculate much about the significance of the fight. They like strong meat; they like sudden emotion; they rest in apathy. The bull-fight crowds are distinctly not the mass audience of sport, for there is no identification with a side. The bull-ring audience is really a collection of choruses to the main action. As strange as the business in the ring are those spontaneous, inexplicable risings of, say, a score of men in protest and argument, and their row with a similar opposition across the gangway, their sudden deflation. It is as if a wind were blowing over a sea. The whistles, the audible moans of emotion, the disgust or the delirium of pleasure afterwards, are factional, critical and informed. If bull-fighting is an art refined upon a fixed pattern, it is elaborated by the personalities of the actors, and in Spain personality is continuously exposed.

Mr. Tynan's accounts of his corridas are vivid and convincing. He is adept at catching the detail of action and of freezing the emotion of the moment for us to see. Here is his account of the curious Litri in action:

> Litri now showed us the marvel with which he made his reputation. Away from the bull he ran, turning after thirty yards, and took the muleta in both hands behind his back. The crowd's susurration gave place to an icy calm across which Litri's voice echoed: "Whuh-hey! Whuh-hey!". He shook the cloth, fixing the bull with his eyes. It sniffed and turned; pondered, twitching its tail. "Whuh-hey." It started to lumber towards him; after five yards to canter; and Litri remained nailed to the ground, gazing over the approaching horns at the stands. At twenty yards the charge was a gallop, the bull bounding towards the flickering cloth and the puny, glittering legs steady in front of it. One prophesied disaster, evisceration, without a doubt; but no, the horns were swerving, following the muleta as it swung slowly away from the man to become a separate target. By his art Litri had taught the bull that apart from itself the cloth was the only living thing in the ring; the dancing red serge was the challenge; and the bull took it, letting him go free. "Tell him not to do that," a man begged in the callejon, covering his eyes with his hands: Litri has several passionate admirers who follow him everywhere, yet have never dared to look at the conclusion of that pass. "Tell him not to do it again!" But he did it, twice more, and killed superbly. . . . He was cheered round the ring, with two ears in one hand and the tail in the other.

Aloof and uncommonly proud even for a bull-fighter, Litri was making a come-back after annoying everyone. In Mexico he had been burned in effigy, and petrol-soaked cushions were thrown in flames into the ring. The Mexicans thought he was posing as being even greater than the sainted Manolete. Litri made £250,000 in four years by the time he was twenty-one and then retired. He now lives in state with his mother and his sister at Huelva, in a condition of ennui and religious fervour. There were rumours that he was turning to the priesthood. He played up to Mr. Tynan and said his favourite reading was history and biography—at which his sister burst out laughing. In fact, like most bull-fighters, he breaks his boredom by periodical visits to local cockfights. Mr. Tynan is good at these intimate asides and conveys his knowledge and his pleasure festively.

V. S. PRITCHETT

Hail and Farewell

The Pelican History of England: Vol. 1. Roman Britain. By I. A. RICHMOND. *Penguin Books.* 2*s.* 6*d.*

Roman Roads in Britain: Vol. 1. South of the Foss Way—Bristol Channel. By IVAN D. MARGARY. *Phœnix House.* 42*s.*

With Professor Richmond at our elbow we shall admire Roman Britain even if we cannot like it. The conquered were unstable, pugnacious and rather easily tamed—those Gallic tribes who hated each other more than they feared Rome. Even before the Claudian conquest there were chieftains who treasured a medallion of Augustus or a little portrait bust of Caligula. Perhaps they were a special sort of Celt who were quick to see which side their bread was buttered. Their culture stemmed from the Eastern Mediterranean, but how rainwashed it became in England and how little they left us! Some beautiful golden horseclothing, a tendency for art to circle inwards and a dozen words in our language. The exquisite green-curving skyline of their hill-forts is the work of nature; when the camps were effective they must have had the gaunt look of military structures.

The *Pax Romana* was harshly imposed only where it had been bitterly resisted: the inhabitants of Cranborne Chase had to build an outsize Roman road to remind themselves of who was master and to be deprived of three-fifths of their agricultural yield; elsewhere a tenth or a twelfth seems to have been the rate, plus a land tax, a poll tax and the expenses of a Romanised aristocracy. The problem of how to get enough money out of a frontier province was solved by persuading the chieftains to admire and enjoy the civilisation of the Roman town: straight streets, stone houses with elegant facades, forum, town hall, theatre, bath-house and a temple to the Emperor. The big men put on the toga and became *decuriones*, that *ordo splendidissimus*, and said public prayers in Latin. "They called it civilisation," Tacitus says, sardonic as usual, "while it chained them to slavery." Certainly we should find the new temples more attractive than the Druidic shrines with their decoration of human heads. This was one of the very few religions the Romans suppressed, ostensibly because of its human sacrifices; in fact they were getting rid of the only effective focus of pan-gallicism. Could we have learnt something here about how to treat Mau Mau?

We used to be allowed to think that the Britains didn't really like towns, so that in periods of Roman economic or military retrenchment they abandoned them; now it appears that they kept up business as usual in the markets and even built new shacks to live in, merely allowing anything that was elegant to decay. Witness the floor of the theatre at Verulamium "buried many feet deep in tipped rubbish, high in vegetable content, containing many thousands of the insignificant small coins of the last quarter of the 4th century A.D." Professor Richmond writes as brilliantly as he lectures, deploying close-packed material with elegance and superb authority.

The Romans caused the Britons to build for them more than two thousand miles of road—straight, but not uncompromisingly so if it was easier, as at Chute Causeway, to go round, and raised three to six feet upon a magnificently solid *agger*. Mr. Margary offers the first of two volumes of precise description of the traces that can still be found. This important work of archæology, a monument of indefatigable exploration in the open air as well as of the voluminous and often highly localised paper memoranda of the subject, makes very agreeable reading in the account of roads one knows already, or that one can now begin to explore. I was surprised to find how much Roman road has gone out of use and how much that looks Roman is really upon a comparatively modern alignment; *e.g.*, those who thought they were outspeeding the Imperial Post for most of the way between Basingstoke and Dorchester will now have to reserve their antiquarian excitement—very much enhanced by Mr. Margary's descriptions—for one mile at Woodyates and the three points where they can see a genuine *agger* crossing or departing.

ANDREW WORDSWORTH

New Novels

The Day of the Fox. By NORMAN LEWIS. *Cape.* 12*s.* 6*d.*

The Starless Night. By JOHN LODWICK. *Heinemann.* 15*s.*

A German Officer. By SERGE GROUSSARD. *Hamish Hamilton.* 10*s.* 6*d.*

The Blackboard Jungle. By EVAN HUNTER. *Constable.* 12*s.* 6*d.*

The scene both of Mr. Lewis's and Mr. Lodwick's novels is Spain more or less at the present time. Both, in their very different ways, are very good indeed. Mr. Lewis's is the sparer of the two, the more classical in design, treatment and feeling. As a rendering of Spanish peasant life it may be set, it seems to me, alongside Ralph Bates's *The Olive Field*. The story is simple and tragic. Costa, the fisherman-hero, drafted during the Civil War from a Republican village into Franco's army, has become a reluctant hero of the Nationalist forces, with the result that, years after, he is still ostracised by his fellow fishermen. Though he does not know it, he is about to be restored to full rights in the community when a Republican agent arrives in the village and is betrayed to the police, an act for which the wholly innocent Costa is blamed.

I have said this novel is tragic; but this is to over-state it. Costa is a victim of circumstances. He is Wyndham Lewis's "dumb ox," and his economic situation is such that he cannot be otherwise. But the circumstances that cast him down, as bewildering and unpredictable as the weather, can also raise him up; as is plain at the end of the novel, when his reputation as a hero in the eyes of the regime prevents the worst consequences of his last desperate act, the murder of the Barcelona brothel-keeper who has prostituted his betrothed.

Tragi-comedy then, or even comedy as Dante defined it; but never pathetic and certainly never sentimental. *The Day of the Fox* is a novel of much dignity, rightly, for the peasant characters are all men of dignity, and all, whether peasants, policemen or landowners, realised with great vividness. Mr. Lewis's style is direct and vigorous, and he has a fine feeling for narrative. The scenes of action—in particular of Costa's fight with the *merou*—are splendid, not far behind Hemingway's in controlled intensity.

By contrast, Mr. Lodwick is a romantic. *The Starless Night* continues and concludes the story of Desmond Thornton begun in *Somewhere a Voice is Calling*. Thornton says of himself: "I

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HAMISH HAMILTON

was a stupid little boy, and I had just two gears: the tough and sentimental." It would be easy to say that Mr. Lodwick has the same two gears: he *is* tough and he *is* sentimental; but he is much more too. For one thing, he is extraordinarily sensitive, sensitive particularly of the tough. He understands them. His two main characters, Thornton and Barry Keating, are both ex-Commandos unable to fit themselves into a society in which violence is no longer a virtue, and Thornton especially is a man whose only form of expression is violence. Mr. Lodwick's view of life—it is not one I agree with—is expressed in a brilliant novel of action. What gives it its quality, besides its author's insight into toughness, is the style, which is mannered, romantic, sophisticated, lyrical and, in the end, elegiac.

A German Officer opens with the scene of a ragged, crippled man wandering through the devastated streets of Cologne in 1945: he is Lieutenant-Colonel Karl Brucken, a professional German officer. Before the end of the novel he is a colonel and in uniform again, in the West German police. M. Groussard has written an extended Theophrastian "character," the character of a German professional soldier whose whole existence is governed by the notion of duty, a notion which makes him able to order without hesitation the execution by hanging of his Polish mistress. According to his lights, Brucken is an honourable, even a fanatically honourable, man. All the same, it is with some relief that one reads the final pages of the novel, in which justice is summarily done on him. M. Groussard's attitude towards him is one of the severest objectivity: impossible to know from the text whether he approves of his creation or not. As a "character" the book is admirable; as a novel not so admirable. It is a piece of description. But the real interest surely in such a man is a psychological interest: why has he become the man he is? On this problem M. Groussard throws no light at all; and presented as the puppet of duty, Brucken remains a monster. Miss Antonia White's translation reads wonderfully well.

The Blackboard Jungle might be described as the American counterpart of that sensational English novel of a year or two ago, *Spare the Rod*. The difference is that, by comparison, *Spare the Rod* might be an account of a frolic at a P.N.E.U. school. I doubt whether even in the most progressive schools in England pupils habitually urinate on classroom floors or attempt to rape the teachers. Neither of these, it would seem, from the evidence of *The Blackboard Jungle*, are abnormal practices in the trades high schools of New York. Of the novel as an accurate picture of these extremely modern secondary modern schools I can say nothing. As a novel, *The Blackboard Jungle* struck me much as did *Spare the Rod*—as the more or less hysterical presentation of a special case. I found it most interesting for its incidental "documentary" details, such as that in New York teachers punch the time-clock as they enter and leave their schools.

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South London Boy

Over the Bridge. By RICHARD CHURCH. *Heinemann.* 18*s.*

The writer of an autobiography must often feel that he has created a familiar, or puppet, some projection of himself which has passed through experiences like his own, but glibly; it might be with foreknowledge. Memory is sophisticated, that's the trouble, always shaping and ordering, never sending back exactly what was lodged. What is peculiarly interesting about Mr Richard Church as autobiographer is his studied response to this; he looks at his phantom with care but does not (or not very often) propitiate it with tenderness or punish it with shameful recollection. He might be painting a portrait.

Over the Bridge, which describes the first seventeen years of the author's life, has the literary advantage of few events and a narrow boundary; it is about that close, affectionate, cautious unit—the "small lower-middle-class household, at the slow end of the Victorian era, in England," actually, in Battersea. The family consisted of four; the combined income of the parents, both working, was £240.

The borders of this world have always fluctuated. The local window-repairer was an old man called Froude:

> He told me that he came from Devonshire and had not done too well by the migration to London, for his home had been a grand old hall by the River Dart. . . . And his brother was a historian, and had made himself widely known.

An ex-soldier commissionaire down the road was a brother of General Hector Macdonald. The author's own family touched both sides of the frontier. Mother, a schoolteacher, was a rebel member of a tyrannical Victorian family whose father, a sort of Mr. Barrett of Gissingland, was Goods Manager at St. Pancras Station. She was also a distant cousin of George Eliot, though to be related to the novelist was not, in the novelist's time, held a matter for pride. Father, a gay and debonair figure, was the illegitimate son of a domestic worker (of Wesleyan yeoman farming background) and one of her employers on the Woburn estate—a matter not talked of in the Battersea home and prised out later by the author, with difficulty and in fragments, from relations. A harsh childhood under a military stepfather, "a Homeric character quite incapable of leading an adult and responsible life once he was withdrawn from the shelter of the army," had made him neither melancholy nor subdued, but somewhat limited in ambition. To be a postman was promotion enough, and only because of his marriage did he train to become a sorter. His immense energy was wholly directed into an enthusiasm for bicycling; his knowledge of the English roadways was really extraordinary.

Jack, the older son of this couple, inherited his parents' intensity of purpose as well as their latent ability. He also had what was unusual, even suspect in this setting—severe aesthetic discrimination. To the younger boy he was critic, monitor and guide: indeed, the episode which opens the book is an image of this relationship—the older boy, with long nose and delicate hands, carrying a glass aquarium through the treacherous streets "like a priest of one of the more austere brotherhoods carrying the Host, or a casket of reliquary bones: I, a nervous acolyte, grasping his coat tails." It is strange that from this gifted boy should come also, not many years later, the voice of submission:

> "To be really good at any art, you ought to make your living by it." I can see now the look of clouded melancholy that settled over him as he added: "I doubt if we're the kind of people who can do that."

They do not appear to have had friends. Is this a loss? Children, distrustful of what is original and readily drawn to the commonplace, are generally corrupting companions for children. Thus life could arrive to the author, as it does to the pensive and subdued in a limited world, as a series of revelations. Of one of these a pair of spectacles at the age of seven was the instrument. The people loomed up, charging and rampant, "their teeth like tusks, their lips luscious, their eyes bolting out of their heads." A week or two later the unteachable child could read.

But it was at a Convalescent Home in Broadstairs, in "a murmurous solitude . . . elated by the very dreariness of things," that he discovered the peculiar and sustaining gift of levitation. For years this hallucinatory power was to remain, enabling him during the family move from Battersea to Dulwich, to "flit from point to point like a worker bee, half consciously enjoying the privileged faculty as I flew. "It did not occur to me to remark," he adds, "that nobody showed surprise at my unusual means of passing from pillar to post." And why indeed should we?

There were a few years of Blake-like innocence and joy to follow in Dulwich before the protecting home crumbled and disappeared, before the Art School scholarship was abandoned, the clerkship in the Civil Service (where he still sailed treadless over the marble stairs) begun, the mother's funeral gone down the raw new road. But the last revelation had come and he was armed: "Poetry was to be my weapon." Memory, with an eloquent precision, looked back and saw, through event and event, how clear the course had always been. And now the reader may recognise the eluding quality of this distinctive book—not the loose ramble of the confession, nor the anecdotal pertness of the entertainment, but the unity and impulse of the poem.

NAOMI LEWIS

Out of Africa

A Cure for Serpents. By ALBERTO DENTI DI PIRAJNO. *Deutsch.* 16*s.*

Dancers of God. By NOËL BALLIF. *Sidgwick & Jackson.* 15*s.*

Lightest Africa. By RODNEY BEGG. *Hurst & Blackett.* 12*s.* 6*d.*

Lightest Africa. By F. SPENCER CHAPMAN. *Chatto & Windus.* 25*s.*

Dr. Jimek I Presume. By BERNHARD GRZIMEK. *Thames & Hudson.* 16*s.*

Kingdom of the Elephant. By E. TEMPLE-PERKINS. *Melrose.* 18*s.*

Dear acrid old Mother Africa, ever, since Herodotus, the publisher's best friend, how enormously more rewarding she is than some of the new fashionable readers' territories; the Mediterranean sea-bottom or the Arcana of the *Wehrmacht*. Long live the tropical travelogue, the white hunter's reminiscence, the zoo-collector's diary—even when written in the starched-collar style of Field Service Regulations they nearly always tell you something interesting.

The first on the list, *A Cure for Serpents*, is a very good book indeed. Its author, a duke as well as a doctor, served in Italy's North African colonies, Libya, Eritrea, Somaliland, Abyssinia, as

medical officer and administrator, ending up as Governor of Tripoli, which he surrendered to Montgomery. He is a most unofficial person, a zestful, sympathetic humanist with real feeling for the desert, for Arabs, Tuaregs, Berbers, Negroes and Nilotics, and the intricacies of their sun-seared sand-scoured lives. He writes a rapid, darting, natural prose, like the jaunty scutter of a lizard over a rock. His book consists mainly of a series of encounters with patients, many of whom inhabit brothels; obviously low life has a special fascination. One or two of his stories are rather tall: the frenzied, and quite unquotable, performance of a Negress with scorpions; and the devotion of his tame lioness—when he was ill and she was full grown she lay down on top of him and took his head between her paws; but he is not a sensationalist. He goes deep into the lives of the strangest, most un-European individuals and gives us extraordinarily intimate pictures of people whom most of us never see except in travel films and could never get to know even if we met them. Here is a random sample, a description of a young Tuareg princess:

> Her adolescent body—soft and supple as a cat's and stained all over with indigo—did not seem to belong to the chrome-yellow face. Her arms were slender but not thin; her breasts, stained with blue, were like variegated marble, rose-tipped. Her waist was so small that she could enclose it within her two hands, but her hips curved like an amphora and her legs were long, slim and straight, right down to the short feet with their rows of neat toes diminishing evenly in size like tiny organ pipes.

Reading him, I was impressed once again by the advantages medical practice gives a writer. It might be a good plan to refresh and humanise our arid literature by taking away the pens of all under thirty-five and making them walk the wards of the world for a time.

The *Dancers of God* are the Pygmies of the Ogowe-Congo in French Equatorial Africa. M. Ballif, a young documentary film producer, lived with them for several months. He came away captivated, like every right-minded explorer before him, by their charm, their intelligence and adaptability, and the integrity of their primitive but by no means rude culture. He is an intelligent though not a particularly talented writer; his book is rather short but contains plenty of clear detail, about Pygmies hunting, dancing, making fire by rubbing sticks together, skinning caterpillars. He just fails to catch individual personalities but gives you a vivid enough collective impression.

With the next two we penetrate the middlebrow belt. Mr. Begg's is the *Lightest Africa* of the pair, so light indeed that for the first few pages I almost expected it to blow away on a gale of facetiousness. Mr. Begg went to Tanganyika Territory to edit the staff magazine of the ill-fated ground-nut venture. He eschews anything official and concentrates on personalia: housekeeping with native servants, humours of; pets; storms; within his rigidly self-imposed limits he really writes rather well; his bush-shirted, khaki-shorted personality is pleasant and one soon begins to warm to it. A vicarious experience is guaranteed here, if not much instruction. Mr. Chapman's ought to have been a much better book. He set out, *en famille*, to drive in a caravan round southern and central Africa, covering 17,000 miles en route, and seems to have become distracted by so much moving on and all the fuss of stopping and starting. Just when he is telling you about somewhere really facinating, like Basutoland, he insists on hopping into his beastly cab and pressing the starter. But you can hardly fail to find something to interest you. There are copious photographs, many of them in rather questionable colour.

Lastly the denizens, our funny, scaly and horny friends. Dr. Grzimek is Director of the Frankfort Zoo and *Dr. Jimek I Presume* is his account of a photographing and collecting trip which he and his son Michael made to the Ivory Coast of French West Africa. They found it devilishly expensive. It, too, is a short book, urbanely written, laced with some Teutonic sentimentality. Specialities, with plenty of curious facts appended, include: hippotamus—the teeth, the hardest of all ivories, used to be in great demand for human dentures—termite colonies—especially rich in concentrated vitamin T. There are some mild but distinct adventures. Michael gets bitten by a snake and has a difficult time escorting a charming—alas, doomed—chimpanzee back to Germany by sea. *Kingdom of the Elephant*, the reminiscence of a colonial administrator and big game warden in East Africa, is not confined to elephants. Lion, leopard, rhino, buff, and croc all bite the dust as part of Mr. Temple Perkins's day's work, but they are all properly appreciated. I was glad, too, to see praise for that gravely underestimated and maligned ape, the baboon. There are scores of anecdotes; snakes, of which he is absolutely terrified, get a whole chapter to themselves. Altogether most enjoyable.

MAURICE RICHARDSON

Shorter Reviews

Double Talk : The Language of Communism. By HARRY HODGKINSON. *Allen & Unwin* 16*s.*

Every society has its Received Ideas, as those two profound students Bouvard and Pécuchet demonstrated. And very ridiculous the Received Ideas are when set out in a row, particularly of course the Received Ideas of others. But no society can get on without them. Despite Stalin's doctrine that language—unlike Miss Russell's bust—is not part of "the superstructure," the pattern of a society can be deduced from its political vocabulary.

Mr. Hodgkinson had the commendable plan of deducing Soviet society from the words that Soviet rulers use. Unfortunately he had other plans that were less commendable. He has produced his results in the form of a glossary instead of as a book; and even the most industrious cannot read a dictionary for pleasure. More serious, he suffers from the illusion that the Soviet rulers are unique in attaching their own meaning to words. He thinks, just like Stalin, that there is one scientific, altruistic vocabulary—that used in the United States—and that any deviation from this is consciously dishonest. It would have been more rewarding merely to show that the Soviet rulers are as ridiculous as the rest of mankind instead of treating them as unique monsters. Apart from this, he has stuck in a good deal not because it sheds light on the Soviet Union or on anything else, but simply because it is funny. Parts of this book *are* funny, and parts instructive. But the general result is neither as funny nor as instructive as it ought to be.

Zermatt and the Valais. By ARNOLD LUNN. *Hollis & Carter.* 13*s.* 6*d.*

Sir Arnold Lunn has tried very hard to write a sober guidebook—history, hotels, starred viewpoints and the rest—but his enthusiasm keeps on breaking in. For balance and thoroughness we may still need Baedeker or Fodor: Sir Arnold supplies the lively impression, the entertaining gossip, the long memory of a man who has known and loved the district for almost half a century. He fits the mountains with their histories and heroes, and re-fights old Alpine controversies, clearing the Taugwalders of Whymper's charges against them in the Matterhorn accident, and revealing how passionately these charges were resented in Zermatt. He traces the establishment of the Seiler dynasty of hoteliers; deciphers an early Christian inscription at Sion; visits Rilke's Château Muzot; darts from the misadventures of early travellers to a discussion of John Tyndall's character; follows Napoleon across the St. Bernard and escaping British soldiers over the high passes from Italy in 1944. He sniffs at the vintage cheeses of the Val d'Anniviers (1885 was a good year); notes the valley's ingenuity in dodging military service; and lifts the curtain on what goes on in the resorts when the tourists have all departed. The travel snob is often superior about Zermatt and the Valais; this book will open his eye to a great deal that the superficial traveller knows nothing about.

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This new volume by Lawrence Stone, Fellow of Wadham College, Oxford, deals with English sculpture from the seventh century until the dissolution of the monasteries in the late 1530s and the iconoclastic attack on religious imagery between 1547 and 1553. Although losses of sculpture far exceed those of architecture, documentary evidence has given us the names and dates of many medieval sculptors and their works. And whether discussing isolated objects of sculptural interest or the cumulative examples of craftsmanship, such as the great cathedrals of Durham, Lincoln, and Wells, Mr Stone emphasizes the native sculptor's resistance to influences from the continent. The book is illustrated by ten full-page line drawings in the text and 192 pages of half-tone plates, some of them works never reproduced photographically before.

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SIDGWICK AND JACKSON

PHILOSOPHY

The Journal of the Royal Institute of Philosophy

Edited by Sidney E. Hooper

Vol. XXX No. 114. July, 1955

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VIII Institute Notes.

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MACMILLAN & CO. LTD., LONDON

The Flight of Alcock and Brown. By GRAHAM WALLACE. *Putnam.* 18*s.*

One picks up a book devoted to a past triumph with misgivings; the old story, you fear, of success in the face of unbelievable odds. The only hope is that it will be redeemed by the clangor of arms, the clash of dominant personalities. But man's conquest of inanimate nature excites no such possibilities. The more agreeable the surprise, then, that so almost forgotten a triumph as the first non-stop flight across the Atlantic should turn out in print to be a tense, thrilling affair. John Alcock and Arthur Whitten Brown were, with three or four other competitors, seeking to win the *Daily Mail* £10,000 prize for the first aeroplane to accomplish the non-stop flight. After a slow start, Mr. Wallace builds up his story skilfully so that by the time Brown and Alcock reach Newfoundland, where rival teams had preceded them by many weeks, the tensions of the race are sharply conveyed. Although the writing is occasionally pretty embarrassing, there are some pleasantly handled touches. When J. L. Hodson, the *Mail* reporter, was safely ensconced in the Galway post-office, the postmaster guarded the door against his rivals, saying "Mr. Hodson is my friend." That the flight was successful is history; but the occasions when disaster towers in the guise of cumulo-nimbus clouds, or ice hangs leadenly on the wings, are frightening with the clarity of contemporary events.

Botteghe Oscure XV. EDITED BY MARGUERITE CAETANI. *Hamish Hamilton.* 12*s.* 6*d.*

Botteghe Oscure continues to preserve its character as a true miscellany of creative writing. This makes it difficult to evaluate any single issue, for there is no underlying political or literary commitment to unify the various contributions in their several languages. It is, however, the reliance on æsthetic standards that is the great strength of this review; that, and the generosity with which unknown writers are welcomed, unmanageably long stories printed *in extenso*, and commercial sales-values ignored.

There are three new poems by Edwin Muir in this number, beautifully direct and moving; and for those who are specially interested in what the young are doing, there are poems by Peter Everett, Jenny Joseph and Paul West, none of whom is more than twenty-five. An equally young American, William P. Wilcox, contributes a rather good macabre short story. In *Una Notte del '43* Giorgio Bassani has produced another sensitively worked out story in the series of imaginative studies which he is making of provincial life. *Le Comte et son Double* is a subtle and very interesting existentialist piece—as much a dialogue as a short story— by Rudolf Kassner, which appears in translation. Also translated, but this time into English, is an anthology of modern Dutch poetry. Ten poets are represented, some by several poems, and though one cannot judge the faithfulness of the renderings, Mr. Holmes has produced versions that read convincingly as poems in their own right.

Britain Between the Wars: 1918-1940. By CHARLES LOCH MOWAT. *Methuen.* 30*s.*

Textbooks have to be written. It is less necessary that they should be read. Mr. Mowat's book is heavy going if taken at a stretch, though illuminating here and there. Like most compilations, its proportions are determined by the authorities available, not by the importance of the subject. The author is an Englishman who moved to the United States in 1934; and the sentiments, though not the facts, in the book belong to that era. The one episode analysed at length, and with passion, is Ramsay MacDonald's going over to a National Government in 1931. There is feeling here, though less understanding. The later events, appeasement in particular, are discussed with a more aloof censoriousness. The summaries of economic development (or lack of it) are adequate, though—like most such summaries—dreary. The breath of life does not blow through these pages. The events happened; someone or other recorded them; and now they are neatly clipped together.

Company Meeting

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The twenty-sixth annual general meeting of Telephone Rentals, Limited, was held on June 27 in London, Mr. Fred T. Jackson, O.B.E., Comp.I.E.E. (Chairman and Joint Managing Director) presiding.

The following is an extract from his circulated statement:—

We have had a successful year's trading during 1954. Our Profits have again grown and as a Board we feel every justification for increasing our Dividend to 12½ per cent.

During the year we certainly met with the increased competition which I forecast in my speech last year, but we do not fear competition, for it can always be overcome by good management and increased efficiency on the part of our salesmen. The net additional Annual Rental secured under Contracts was slightly in excess of our target, and it is a very comforting thought that the more our services are employed and their value becomes appreciated, the more our business expands, and this coupled with the fact that our salesmen year by year are becoming more proficient, is a very good indication of our future prospects.

The report and accounts were adopted and the final dividend of 8½ per cent., making 12½ per cent. for the year, was approved.

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Week-end Competition

No. 1,323

Set by P. Primrose

In the announcement of a sale of part of Bowood, the "Big House" is already demolished into such component parts as doorways and panelling and architraves and, "Lot No. 288: The Entire South Elevation." Competitors are invited to compose a threnody on this disintegration of the mansion, in the style of any one of the following: Sir Thomas Browne, William Cowper, Edmund Burke, Henry James, Osbert Sitwell, Walter de la Mare, John Betjeman. Limit, 150 words of prose, or 16 lines of verse. Entries by July 12.

Result of No. 1,320

Set by John Pomfret

The usual prizes are offered for an excerpt from a new Byronic literary satire, *Papist Plots and Red Reviewers*. Limit, 16 lines. Entries by June 21.

Report

Shall gentle Coleridge pass unnoticed here,
To turgid ode and tumid stanza dear?
Though themes of innocence amuse him best,
Yet still obscurity's a welcome guest.
If Inspiration should her aid refuse
To him who takes a pixy for a muse,
Yet none in lofty numbers can surpass
The bard who soars to elegise an ass.

This, applied to the contemporary literary scene, was what the setter was after; but for once he has to hang his head guiltily and admit defeat. All I can say is that it seemed a good idea when first thought of. A lethal tour through Bookland, snatching pens, pencils, typewriters and tape recorders away from one's least favourite authors. What a chance for the highbrow Philistine! But alas! it failed to work out like that in practice. Almost every competitor interpreted the title literally and seemed to think he must keep strictly to sixteen lines of satirical verse about Messrs. Waugh and Greene and the editorial staff of Great Turnstile. This was not really what I had in mind.

Most of the entries, as Guy Kendall put it with charming modesty, came "some way after Byron." Many were not stylistically like Byron at all: hints of *MacFlecknoe*, a vague remembrance of the *Dunciad*, the palest glimmer of W. M. Praed, the faintest whiff of Belloc—all these were wearily represented. As the joke has so obviously misfired, I am awarding only four guineas, and reserving the remainder of the prize money to a more fruitful and talented occasion. Pauline Phillips and H. A. C. Evans win a guinea and a half each for the Byronic swing and gusto of their attack on Greene and Waugh ("actually," admits H. A. C. Evans, "they are two of the writers whose work I most enjoy"), and Jim Parrott earns a guinea for his attack nearer home. Runners-up: Guy Kendall, Bayard Simmons.

EXTRACT FROM PAPIST PLOTS AND RED REVIEWERS

Guilt-laden Graham[1] wallows in the slime
Of viciousness, at ten-and-six a time,
And, digging up corruption round the clock,
Perverts the innocence of Brighton rock.
Then, lest by heresy he be undone,
Straightway to the Confessional he'll run,
Convinced that, whatsoever sins you bear,
Forgiveness is the end of the affair;
While Evelyn[2], leaving Satire in the lurch,
Essays to make his peace with Holy Church,
And seeks to show that ownership of land
With Papist piety goes hand in hand.
Though the Red Flag he hates, all else above,
The Scarlet Woman is his own true love;
His dearest pleasure, to recline upon
The bosom of the Whore of Babylon.

[1]Sc. Greene.
[2]Sc. Waugh.

H. A. C. EVANS

In theatre, films and bookstalls see his name,
Coating with jam the pills of Sin and Shame.
Convert to Rome, by Romans loud denied,
He claims his Lebensraum for those who died;
England has made him and the man within,
His page a battlefield for love and sin,
The power and the glory gone to waste,
Not Greene in judgement of the public taste.
Now let us climb the giddy social height
Where Guardsmen play, lords love and debs delight,
The Upper Ten present the human race,
Man's grace is less important than His Grace.
The food! The wine! The things the butler saw!
C'est magnifique: c'est aussi Monsieur Waugh.

PAULINE PHILLIPS

This so-called statesman, overblown with pride
Attacks with equal vigour either side,
Condemns the Reds for failing to be pink,
And tells the thoughtless Fabians what to think,
Decries the Tories, rails against the Pope,
Yet, seeming hopeless, never gives up hope.
So, with a three-line whip before their eyes,
Its hapless Scribes, inured beyond surprise,
Compelled by Critic's predilections, must
View Greene with envy, Franco with distrust;
They sneer at Eden, fawn on Tito-faugh!
No wonder they excite the wrath of Waugh;
These stylish turncoats render out their thoughts
At 10, Great Turnstile, close upon the Courts,
Till the great Judge, whose earthly Court is Rome,
Calls, even to New Statesmen: "Who goes home?"

JIM PARROTT

The Chess Board

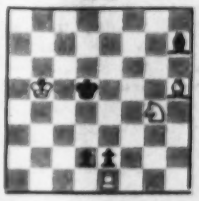
No. 300 Our Study Competition

Unlike Peter Paul Rubens I do not attach particular importance to nice round figures (Flemish or otherwise), but even so the figure at the top of this column may well serve as a pretext for yet another study competition. It is open to anybody anywhere, provided their entries are original and reach me in their virginal state, so far as printing presses are concerned. The prizes are 4 gns., 3 gns., 2 gns. and 1 gn., and entries should reach this office not later than by the first post of November 8. It would seem to be a period of gestation reasonably long enough to give due consideration to competitors overseas and even among the antipodes. The four winners will be announced on December 17, and I am happy and proud to say that no less an expert than Harold Lommer has kindly consented to serve as Hon. Juror. A pity, of course, to lose the chance of his own entry, but since he is usually too busy (or lazy) to saddle his Pegasus he might as well sweat it out with me, thereby much reducing the chances of our eagle-eyed cook-hunters to add to trophies such as A. J. Roycroft's. He has cooked last year's second-prize winner (Diagr. L.), a consolation being that the cook is almost prettier than the author's principal variation: (1) P-Q7, R-QKt4 ch, (2) K-R1, KR-Q4, (3) R-QR6 ch, K-Kt5, (4) R-R8, R-R4 ch, (5) R x R, R x R ch, (6) K-Kt2, R-Q4, (7) R-K4 ch, and (8) R-K5. Now Roycroft found (2) K-B2!, R-B4 ch, (3) R x R, R x R ch, (4) K-Q3, R-Q4 ch, (5) K-B4! etc. Or (2) . . . QR-Q4, (3) R-QKt1, K-R4, (4) R-B8, R-B4 ch, (5) K-Kt2!, R-R7 ch, (6) K-R1 etc. Or (2) . . . KR-Q4, (3) K-B3, R-QKt5, (4) R-K5!, R(5)-Q5, (5) R-R6 ch and (6) R-R5 ch! etc. No space for other variations, all acknowledged by author Herberg who has made handsome amends by the dedication of a new R & P ending. He has certainly the consolation of being in the excellent company of Korolkov, Heuäcker, Wotava and other victims of our cook-hunters, neither the least nor (probably) the last of them being Paul Keres whose pretty study has been cooked by G. W. Leeper, one of our Australian hunters. The author's solution was neat enough: (1) R-R6 ch, P x R ch, (2) K-R5, K-Kt2, (3) B-Kt6, P=Q, (4) B-Q4 ch, etc. But alas, instead of queening Black can play (3) . . . K-B3, followed by K-K3, etc.

Having cooked a Keres we might fittingly pick our 4-pointer from that great master's inexhaustible store of brilliancies. How then (playing Black) did he force resignation in a couple of moves? While our Hon. Juror is, of course, a celebrated specialist of fiendishly difficult multi-promotion themes **B**—White to win—is in a lighter mood and not too difficult for 6 ladder-points. **C**—White to win—is the above-mentioned study so kindly dedicated to us. It is certainly no bargain at 7 points.

A: Paul Keres 1936

B: Harold Lommer 1941



C: A. Herberg 1955

Dedicated to the N. S. & N.

Usual prizes. Entries by July 11.

REPORT ON COMPETITION

No. 297. Set June 11

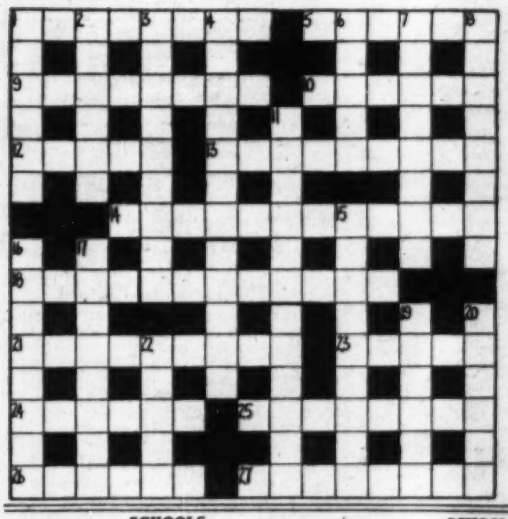
A: (1) . . . P x Kt? (2) Q x Kt ch! and mates next move.
B: (1) K-Kt7, P queens. (2) Kt-B6 ch, K-R5. (3) Kt-Q5 ch, K-Kt6. (4) B-B7 ch, K-B7. (5) B-Kt6 ch, K-Kt8. (6) B-R5 ch, K-B7. (7) B-Kt6 ch, etc.
C: (1) R-B7 ch, K-Kt1. (2) K-Kt6, K-B1. (3) R x P, Kt-B5! (4) R x Kt, P-Q4! (5) B-B1! P-Kt8(Q). (6) R-B8 ch, K-Q2 (7) B-Kt5 ch, K-K3. (8) R-K8 ch etc.

Many competitors dropped a point or two by failing to see all the subtleties of C. " It's like climbing the Mont Blanc once you know it can be done," to quote one of our Swiss competitors, M. Sinclair. He shares the prizes with G. S. Fisher, W. M. Hancock, A. J. Roycroft, M. F. Wylie.

ASSIAC

Week-end Crossword No. 159

Prizes: Three book tokens of 15s. for the first correct solutions opened. Entries to Crossword No. 159, N.S. & N., Great Turnstile, London, W.C.1, by first post on July 12.



ACROSS

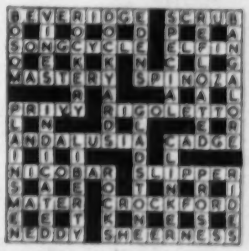
1. " And a ———, sir," says Sam. " Veels vithin veels, a prison in a prison " (8).
5. Preaching and how to make it into material suitable for the paper (6).
9. Defender or winner (8).
10. Bone which gets broken in a scrum (6).
12. Game in which the drunk lose their heads (5).
13. Colour returns to little Kenneth; he has had a short holiday (9).
14. The casters discover that metal sinks (12).
18. And this criterion makes another metal flag (4, 8).
21. In this piece of music there is a note about me following the interior (9).
23. A jester looks back for something used in the bath (5).
24. " Embryos and ———, eremites and friars " (Milton) (6).
25. The actor has an opinion about an hotel (8).
26. The saint full of years is wisest (6).
27. Perseveres like nearly all spinsters when ruined (8).

DOWN

1. Fastening which joins the young fox and the deer upside down (6).
2. Tailor hidden in the merchants' place (6).
3. Quiet snake among the food in the presses (9).
4. Treacherous place at sea, but there are fine victories round the beach (7, 5).
6. Practice in the American century? (5).
7. Even love fades in caricatures (8).
8. Plant a danger underneath the upturned rug (8).
11. Fixed habits which may be reformed in a sound centre (6, 6).
15. Under a union babes in arms have catapults (9).
16. Drinks to give encouragement over air trips (8).
17. Apparently the Queen's mate also makes tarts on the side (8).
19. Football team with a bit of cricket in it? (6).
20. Examination successes almost entirely composed of fools (6).
22. They come into the cathedral to sing hymns (5).

SET-SQUARE

Solution to No. 157



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APPOINTMENTS VACANT

The engagement of persons answering these advertisements must be made through a Local Office of the Ministry of Labour or a Scheduled Employment Agency if the applicant is a man aged 18-64 inclusive or a woman aged 18-59 inclusive unless he or she, or the employment, is excepted from the provisions of the Notification of Vacancies Order, 1952.

THE National Association for Mental Health. Applications are invited for the appointment of Warden of Parnham House, Beaminster, Dorset, a Home for forty-five elderly people suffering a mild degree of mental infirmity, to be opened in October, 1955. The duties of the post are the overall management of the house and all those in it, including a nursing and lay staff. Applications will be considered from men and women with the necessary experience and personal qualifications. Equal consideration will be given to married couples. Salaries according to experience. The post offers scope for those interested in the care and rehabilitation of elderly people. Excellent living quarters in beautiful surroundings. Married quarters whether or not both partners are on the staff. Applics. with full details and names of 3 refs. to Secretary, Residential Services Department, 39 Queen Anne St., London, W.1, by 2 weeks from date of advertisement.

DIRECTOR of Welfare Services: A vacancy exists on the staff of the Windermere Social Centre of the University of Cape Town Students' Health and Welfare Centres Organization. Salary £900 per annum, including in the case of married males £234 per annum temporary cost of living allowance. Candidates must be qualified by training and experience to take charge of the case work and club operations of the Centre, and must have adequate knowledge of conditions of life and work in South Africa. Apply in writing, not later than July 15, 1955, naming two referees, to the Secretary, Students' Health and Welfare Centres Organization, Students' Union, University of Cape Town, Rondebosch, C.P., South Africa, from whom a memorandum on the duties of the post may be obtained.

ASSISTANT Manager (preferably 30-45 years), required for the London Office of the Southern Africa Settlement Association. The person sought should be energetic, good at organising, capable of getting on easily with people and have enthusiasm for the objects of the Association. Duties, in addition to managing a small office, will include conducting interviews with prospective emigrants, making all arrangements for emigration and the organising of appeals on behalf of the Association. The successful candidate will be given two years training at a salary of £600 p.a. after which he will succeed the present Manager (who will then be retiring) at a salary of £1,000 p.a. The post is pensionable. Please write giving full details of age, experience, etc., in first instance, to Box N.S.651, c/o 191, Gresham House, E.C.2.

LANCASTER Moor Hospital, Lancaster (Regional Mental Hospital). Senior Psychiatric Social Work (with Mental Health Certificate) required to organise and expand the services within the hospital and at the psychiatric out-patient clinics in the area. Preference given to candidates with wide experience of mental hospital work. Salary (Whitley): £500 × £20 to £640 p.a. less £153 p.a. if resident. Applications also considered from unqualified P.S.W.s with suitable qualifications and experience. Salary (Whitley) £395-£610 p.a. Possession of a car desirable. Applications with details of qualifications, training and exp., together with names of two refs., to Medical Superintendent.

EXPERIENCED Social Worker required with special interest in the community care of mental defectives. Work varied and responsible. Salary according to experience and qualifications. Full information from the Secretary, Cambridgeshire Mental Welfare Association, 2 Jesus Lane, Cambridge.

ST. BERNARD'S Hospital for Nervous and Mental Disorders, Southall, Middlesex. Psychologist (Part-time) required. (4 sessions weekly.) National Health Service Whitley Council rates and conditions. Applications giving full details of age, qualifications, experience, and names and addresses of three referees to Physician Superintendent. The successful candidate may be required to pass a medical examination.

APPEALS Organiser and General Secretary required for national youth welfare organisation (Anglo-Jewish). Good salary and prospects offered to capable and experienced man able to act on own initiative under guidance and with the support of influential committee. Essential qualifications include good organiser and administrator, good appearance, ability to minute meetings, general secretarial experience. Public speaking and knowledge of accountancy desirable but not essential. Applications with testimonials will be treated in strictest confidence. Hon. Sec., Central Maccabi Fund, Box No. 8106, New Statesman.

APPLICATIONS are invited from suitably qualified women for the post of full-time resident youth Leader in a mixed youth club in Chelsea. The post will be vacant in September. Salary £400 rising to £450 less small deduction for accommodation. Pension Scheme. For application form apply to: Organising Secretary, Feathers Clubs Association, 29 Mulready Street, N.W.8.

APPOINTMENTS VACANT—continued

B.B.C. requires Producer (Telefilms) in Birmingham to produce complete films, outside broadcasts sequences and film shorts for magazine programmes. Professional experience in direction and editing of films, ability to write scripts for wide variety of film subjects and to originate suggestions for film programmes and strong visual sense essential. Knowledge of the Midland Counties and East Anglia an advantage. Starting salary according to qualifications with a grade maximum of £1,600 per annum. Special terms may be offered for a short-term appointment. Requests for application forms (enclosing addressed envelope and quoting reference "1014 N. Stm.") should reach Appointments Officer, B.B.C., Broadcasting House, London, W.1, within 5 days.

B.B.C. requires Burmese and Vietnamese Programme Organiser (British Subject). Duties: supervision of Programme Sections broadcasting in Burmese and Vietnamese and planning and production of programmes involving preparation in English of News Bulletins, Commentaries and Talks for translation into Burmese and Vietnamese. Essential qualifications: editorial ability, general and administrative experience, especially in South East Asia and Far East, knowledge of and interest in the affairs of that area and in world affairs in general. Knowledge of spoken and written Burmese or Vietnamese desirable. Salary £1,110 (possibly higher if qualifications exceptional) rising by 5 annual increments to £1,440 maximum. Requests for application forms (enclosing addressed envelope and quoting reference "1012/N.Stm.") should reach Appointments Officer, Broadcasting House, London, W.1, within 14 days or earliest possible date from applicants abroad.

B.B.C. requires Producer in Topical Talks Unit to work on Current Affairs programmes including "At Home and Abroad" and "Topic for Tonight." Must have ability to keep abreast of news of the day and to take part in preparation and production of talks reflecting public affairs. Must be able to act on own initiative as well as in collaboration with others. Wide interests, and education preferably to University standard, good all-round knowledge of current affairs and grasp of responsible news values and editorial standards essential. Some years journalistic experience desirable. Salary £975 (possibly higher if qualifications exceptional) rising by 5 annual increments to £1,280 p.a. maximum. Requests for application forms (enclosing addressed envelope and quoting reference "1006/N.Stm.") should reach Appointments Officer, B.B.C., Broadcasting House, London, W.1, within 5 days.

B.B.C. requires Music Assistant in Birmingham to arrange and supervise music programmes of widely varying types, popular and classical. Good opportunities for candidate fertile in musical ideas for both Sound and Television. Professional music qualifications essential, previous experience as concert performer or accompanist and knowledge of general office administration desirable. Duties do not include conducting. Salary £975 (may be higher if qualifications exceptional) rising by 5 annual increments to £1,280 p.a. maximum. Requests for application forms (enclosing addressed envelope and quoting reference "1005/N.Stm.") should reach Appointments Officer, B.B.C., Broadcasting House, London, W.1 within 5 days.

B.B.C. requires in Birmingham (a) Assistant to Publicity Officer to collect and present sound and television publicity material. Newspaper experience essential. Salary £725 (possibly higher if qualifications exceptional) rising by 5 annual increments to £960 p.a. maximum. (b) News Assistant, to assist News Editor in preparation of News Bulletins, production of News Talks and collection of material for Television Newsreel and other topical programmes. Qualifications: professional press or radio sub-editorial or closely related experience, sound editorial judgment, good and accurate sub-editing, reporting ability. Good microphone voice desirable. Salary £975 (possibly higher if qualifications exceptional) rising by 5 annual increments to £1,280 p.a. maximum. Requests for application forms (enclosing addressed envelope and quoting reference 1002/N.Stm.) should reach Appointments Officer, Broadcasting House, London, W.1, within 5 days. Candidates must clearly indicate post applied for.

THE Town and Country Planning Association is considering the appointment of a principal officer to take charge of its national organization. Appropriate qualifications: understanding of the human and economic importance of the dispersal and new towns policy; knowledge of planning procedure; organizing ability. Moderate salary; good prospects for a man of energy and enthusiasm who will concentrate on the work. Apply in confidence, stating experience and present salary, to Chairman, T.C.P.A., 28 King Street, Covent Garden, W.C.2.

COLEG Harlech. Applications invited for Assistant Tutorship (male or female) in Philosophy and Psychology as from beginning of October. All particulars from the Secretary, Coleg Harlech, Harlech, Merioneth.

PROGRESSIVE School requires Master to teach general subjects to small mixed class of 11-12 year-olds. Apply to the Headmaster, Burgess Hill School, 11 Oak Hill Park, N.W.3. HAM. 2019.

ACCOUNTANT reqd. for part-time work in small but growing London practice. Prosp. full-time post, partnership. Box 8202.

APPOINTMENTS VACANT—continued

HOSPITAL Management Committee for St. Francis and the Lady Chichester Hospitals, St. Francis and Hurstwood Park Hospitals, Haywards Heath, Sussex. Psychiatric Social Worker required at the above Hospitals and for the New Unit of 60 beds to be erected adjacent to Hurstwood Park. The person appointed will be required to devote approximately half of his/her time for work with the County Borough of Brighton Education Committee, in connection with their Child Guidance Clinic. Salary as laid down by the Professional and Technical Whitley Council, viz., £470 per annum at age of 27 or over rising to £560 per annum. Candidates should hold the Mental Health Certificate of the London School of Economics or any other approved certificate. Applications, stating age, qualifications and experience, together with the names of two persons to whom reference may be made, to be forwarded as soon as possible to the Secretary.

THE University of Manchester. Applications are invited for the post of Lecturer in Social Anthropology. Salary on a scale £650 to £1,350 per annum with membership of F.S.S.U. and Children's Allowance Scheme. Initial salary according to qualifications and experience. Applications should be sent, not later than July 30, 1955, to the Registrar, the University, Manchester, 13, from whom further particulars and forms of application may be obtained.

TUTORS in Engl. rqd. for Ital. boys. 5s. p. hr. Sydenham Hill area. Box 8123.

ASSISTANT Matron with nursing qualifs. wanted for Jewish Old Age Home. Knowledge German desirable. Box 8256.

RESIDENT qualified woman teacher general subjects, Alresford Place, Hants, independent progressive school maladjusted children. Please write fully C.S.A., 36 Carlton Hill, London, N.W.8.

SECRETARY—S.T. (Conveyancing experience, good speeds) for Strand solicitor. Small congenial office. 5-day week. Holiday. Salary £8/£8 10s. Write stating age (24 or over), qualifs. to Neave, 231 Strand, W.C.2.

ASSISTANT personnel officer required for a large food factory in West Middlesex. Applications are invited from ladies between 30/40 years of age who have held a responsible post in an industrial personnel department. Commencing salary £600 p.a. Reply with full details of age, experience, etc., to Box 8186.

YOUNG lady as Book-keeper/Clerk for small friendly office in Central London. Simple book-keeping only, but applicants should be careful and accurate with figures. Hours 9.15 a.m. to 5 p.m., no Saturdays. Salary according to age; £7 4s. 6d per week at 21, £7 19s. 6d per week at 24. Apply with full particulars, stating age to Box 8107.

COPY typist required by firm of Architects & Engineers in small general office. Lunch vouchers. Salary £5 to £6 according to age and experience. Write to Norman & Dawbarn, 5 Gower Street, W.C.1.

THE Bodley Head require a young person as assistant in the publicity department. Please write to 28 Little Russell Street, London, W.C.1.

SHORTHAND-typist required by Legal/Welfare Organisation. Interesting and varied work. Box 8292.

INTERESTING vacancy in busy friendly office near Charing Cross Main Line Station. Some shorthand-typing, reception work and duplicating (Roneo electric). Pension and luncheon voucher schemes. Salary according to experience. Write, stating age, experience, present salary, to Box 8104.

OUR "Hand-Picked" Secretaries get the plum jobs. No fees. Wigmore Agency, 67 Wigmore St., W.1. HUN. 9951/2/3.

RELIABLE stenographer required, busy travel office. Good speeds essential. Interesting progressive position for intelligent person. Five day week, alternate Saturdays. Phone Welbeck 9637.

OLD-Established Publishers require sec.-shorthand-typist. No Sats. Box 8254.

EXPERIENCED Secretaries wanted for temporary work on our emergency staff, 10-5, no Sats. £7 10s. Dutton's Sec. Service, 92 Gt. Russell St., W.C.1. MUS. 7379.

BURNETT'S have a wonderful selection of highly paid Office Posts, temporary & permanent in all London areas, e.g., young Receptionist/Typist interested Show Business, W.1. 10-6, £6! Young ladies of good education & socialist leanings especially welcome—and, of course, no fees!—Burnett Bureau, 77 Dean St., W.1. GER. 9911.

CUTLERY Manufacturers require lady for London Showroom. Box 8155.

SHORTHAND and Copy Typists wanted for interesting temporary work by the hour, day or week. Generous salaries and bonuses. Holidays with pay. Apply Staff Manager, GERrard 1069.

IF you need an efficient secretary, junior or senior, apply to the Mayfair Secretarial College, 57 Duke St., Lndn., W.1. May. 6626.

REQUIRED, competent, cheerful person, some nursing exp. Old gentleman, not invalid but very frail. Other staff, charming comf. hse. in village. Mrs. Woodcock, Fifield Manor, Milton Under Wychwood, Oxon.

APPOINTMENTS VACANT—continued

OLD People's Welfare Organisation, North London Borough. Shorthand-typist required part-time, able to assist generally in social work. Replies to Box 8102.

LONDON publisher urgently requires experienced secretary. Box 8268.

EDUCATED women with good shorthand and typing for several interesting posts, some with short hours (10-5, no Saturdays). To £500. The St. Stephen's Secretariat, 316 Vauxhall Bridge Rd., Victoria, and 2 Broad St. Place, Finsbury Circus. Tel. VIC. 5084 and LON. 5397.

PART-time typing and other office vacancies exist at Stella Fisher Bureau, 15 Strand, London, W.C.2. TRAfalgar 9090.

TEMPORARY employment during vacations in Lyons Teashops is offered. Young men or women are invited to apply to Staff Engagement Office, 2B Granville Place, Orchard Street, Oxford Street, London, W.1.

ASTER Secretarial Agency, 231 Baker St. (nr. Stn.). Come to us for best Permanent/Temporary office jobs. WEL. 8774.

FIRST-Class Cook reqd. for Film Studio at Walton-on-Thames. Can live in or out. Restaurant experience necessary. Box 8249.

WANTED, working housekeeper with some nursing experience for old lady, small flat Kingston-on-Thames. Box 8085.

APPOINTMENTS WANTED

EMPLOYMENT wanted now to end of Sept. English/French-speaking student, f., 35, Art college training, five arts. Experience textile design. Good car driver England & Continent. Excel. refs. Box 8109.

EXPORT executive. Young man, 26 years, wide experience chemical and other exports, travelled, fluent Portuguese, Spanish, German, some French, wide interests, seeks position offering scope, personal initiative. Box 8000.

CONTINENTAL Holiday Tours. Grad. (m.) 43, personable, keen, some exp., avail. July 24-Aug. 28. Box 8143.

PERSONABLE young man, History First. M.A., literary ability (publications), seeks exacting post. Box 7935.

EDUCATED Girl, 24, ex-librarian, typing, interested in Arts, willing to travel, seeks interesting job anywhere. Box 8108.

EMPLOYERS requiring well-trained junior secretary/shorthand typists are invited to apply to the Langham Secretarial College, 18 Dunraven Street, Park Lane, W.1. Tel. MAYfair 2905.

YOUNG woman teacher seeks post home or abroad. Teacher's Certificate, A.R.C.M. School Music; Piano teaching. Box 8136.

PROPERTIES TO LET AND WANTED

COMFORTABLY furnished self-contained flat available, charming house Belgravia. Two rooms & bath. 6*gns.*, inclusive light, heat, linen & cleaning, but no meals. Restaurants few steps. Suitable business man. Box 8196.

FLAT, Highgate: s/c 3 large rooms, mod. kitchen, frig., use large garden, garage. 5½*gns.* Box 8255.

TWO or three English business ladies urgently require furnished flat within 30 minutes' travel West End. Quiet, reliable applicants. Excellent references. 'Phone FRE. 5790.

UNIVERSITY lecturer requires small unfurn. flat August or Sept. Box 8183.

RETIRED Headmaster & wife req. furn. small house or flat, quiet district, in or near London, 4 weeks or longer from Aug. 1. Bowman, 1 Strathmore Gdns., Kensington, W.8.

AFRICAN medical student (Cambridge graduate) urgently seeks flat 35 mins. St. Thomas's Hospital, mid-August. Box 8140.

GRADUATE couple seek part/unfurn. flat, Cent./N.W. London. Mod. rent. Box 8098.

PROPERTIES FOR SALE

AT Lovely Kew.—A rare opportunity to acquire a distinctive modern Architect-designed residence. Many special features. Panelled staircase, oak flush doors, delightful spacious kitchen with enclosed sink. 4 bedrooms, lounge, dining room (communicating) bathroom luxuriously appointed, heater, etc., separate w.c., cloakroom. Pleasant gardens. Integral Garage. Freehold. Vacant Possession. Only £5,500. Key Owner's Agents. Major, Son & Phipps, F.A.L.P.A., Dome Buildings, Richmond, Surrey.

FREEHOLD flat for sale. £2,500, top 21 Lindfield Gardens, Hampstead. 3 rooms, store, k./b. Fine view, use garden. Appelbe, 7 New Square, W.C.2.

BUCKS. Det. frhld. residence. Ideal country situation 40mls. London. 4 bed., main elec., water. 3½ acres. £3,950. Box 8225.

FOR Sale: (1) Beautiful building plot, walled garden, house to be designed by famous contemp. architect, £1,200. (2) Georgian coach-house & gdn for conversion £2,000. Both Amersham Old Tn. Box 8200.

MARAZION, Cornwall. Modern Freehold Detached Residence, Gardens & Garage at present arranged as 2 flats, each comprising: Reception, 2 Bedrooms, Bathroom, Kitchen, Modern Fittings. Main Electricity & water, the whole standing in about ¼ acre, situate near sea. Full partics. from J. A. Tregdown & Sons, Auctioneers & Estate Agents, 8 Chapel St., Penzance. Tel. 3251.

PERSONAL

FAMILY Holidays: you and your family will enjoy one of our house party holidays by the sea in Sussex, Cornwall or Wales. From 7*gns.* per week inclusive. Special family concessions and supervision of children. Erna Low, 47(NS) Old Brompton Rd., London, S.W.7. KEN. 0911/9225.

CONTINENTAL students seek homes as paying guests, au pair or exchange visitors. Family Friendships Service, 46 Muswell Hill Road, N.10.

LAST vacancies Grand Austrian Tour by air and coach, July 30 to August 14. E.L.B. Tours, 154 Westbourne Grove, W.11.

TRAVELLERS abroad! Learn to speak the language of the country which you are going to visit on holiday or business. Short intensive Conversation Courses at the Mentor, 11 Charing X Rd., W.C.2. TRA. 2044.

LAST-minute Continental holidays. Not mass-produced but individually arranged to all Continental countries; also rail and air holidays giving travel reductions with individual (not party) hotel arrangements. Special offers on Italy, Greece and the Holy Land. Business & Holiday Travel, Ltd. (Department NS), 111 Grand Buildings, Trafalgar Square, W.C.2. Whitehall 4114.

GREECE in Autumn. Ideal weather for cruising and bathing. Personally conducted tours. Rome—Athens—Mycenæ—Epidaurus—Olympia—Delphi — Crete — Rhodes —Naples. Sept. 1-24 and Sept. 29-Oct. 22. From 100*gns.* incl. Students 90*gns.* Olympic Tours, 25 South Molton Street. MAY. 4049.

SPAIN for the Harvest Festival. Personally conducted tour Barcelona, Sitges, Valencia, Granada, Malaga, Jerez, Sevilla, Torremolinos, Cordoba, Toledo, Madrid. 1st class hotels, coach, 2nd cl. rail. Sept. 3-22. 95*gns.* incl. Olympic Tours, 25 South Molton Street. MAY. 4049.

SPAIN for the Harvest Festival. Personally conducted tour Barcelona, Sitges, Valencia, Granada, Malaga, Jerez, Sevilla, Torremolinos, Cordoba, Toledo, Madrid. 1st class hotels, coach, 2nd cl. rail. Sept. 3-22. 95*gns.* incl. Olympic Tours, 25 South Molton Street. MAY. 4049.

GIRL (20) planning to tour Europe and Near East, seeks girl partner. Box 8244.

2 PUBLIC School girls, 18, medical students, seek lift Italian or French Riviera early August, share expenses. Box 8234.

GREECE-Turkey: Join our wonderful autumn cruise by 11,000-ton m.s. "Mediterranean" (coach in Greece) led by D. M. Nicol, M.A., Ph.D., Classics Lecturer at University College, Dublin. 27th August-18th Sept. £120 (students £108). Write now for full details, also of other Hellenic Cruises and Art Tours to France, Spain, Sicily and Classical Italy. Academic Tours, 106 Ken. High St., W.8. FREmantle 9437.

SPAIN, Majorca, Ibiza. 15 days from £34 10*s.* including travel, full pension, etc. Vacancies July and August. Free Guide & prog. from New Vistas Travel Serv., Uxbridge Rd., Hampton, Mddx. Molesey 2105.

AUSTRIA by car. 2 seats avail. to Salzburg, Velden and/or return. August 4-21. Share expenses. Box 8112.

BACHELOR (48) car-owner seeks male holiday companion share driving France/Spain, September. Box 8035.

BASQUE Tour: 15 days July 22, 20*gns.* approx. Few seats. Russell, 18 Manor Mans., N.W.3. PRI. 4068.

EUROPE: Student party reqs. expd. driver for converted truck, Sept. Cost £30. Silvey, 46 Elmwood, Welwyn Garden City.

YOUNG Austrian student, expert driver, tennis-player and all-round sportsman, wishes to spend 2 months au pair in English family to improve his English. Write Karl Gaubinger, Pension Alpenblick, Hoefelgasse, Salzburg, Austria.

SEAT/two to Florence or intermed. Aug. 2-24. New Anglia. Share petrol. Box 8203.

SWISS girl (17) Neuchatel, house by lakeside with park and tennis court, wishes exchange with English girl living country for 5/6 weeks July/Aug. Write Box 8022.

MOTHERS take a complete rest this summer. Young foreign girls, willing to help with children, little housework in return for pocket money, available short/long periods. Same arrangements for English girls for Continent from 6-12 mths. only. Book now, Eductour, 10 Exhibition Rd., S.W.7.

SEASIDE holidays for children. Picnics. Excursions. Every care. Thanet House School, 18 Callis Court Rd., Broadstairs. Thanet 62783.

DOCTOR'S family, 4 children, wd. like girl student share work & holiday 4-5 wks. Cornwall, Aug. Interview nec. Mrs. N. F. Coghill, 138 The Grove, Ealing, W.5.

FRENCH boy, 15, seeks reas. accommodation with English-Jewish family, child similar age. Aug. 22-Sept. 15. RIV. 2352.

WAGNER, Bayreuth, 1 seat (40 D.M.) Aug. 18, 19, 20. Thompson, 37 Lansdowne Rd., Handsworth, Birmingham, 21.

YOUNG man wants seat car to Spain 2 wks. Sept. Speaks Spanish. Box 7975.

JOIN house party for swimming, sailing, tennis, dancing. August. Eastbourne. Box 7909.

YOUNG man, 25, var. exp., game for (almost) anything, shs. profitable occup. all/part period Aug. 8-Sept. 5. Box 8204.

ART student seeks remun. vac. work. Suggestions, offers welcomed. Box 8281.

PERSONAL—continued

FILM Production. Unique courses in the technique of live and cartoon Film-making. Heatherley Film Unit, 33 Warwick Square, London, S.W.1. VICtoria 6077.

AUSTRIA for Value: you can still be included in one of our parties to Seefeld, Austrian Tyrol, leaving July 30, August 13 and 27, to Fuschl near Salzburg (August 13) or Stams near Innsbruck (August 7). Full details from Erna Low, 47(NS) Old Brompton Road, London, S.W.7. KEN. 0911.

PAINTING and drawing in unspoilt country within reas. distance London. Wkends or any longer period of time, from now until October. Beginners or more advanced, but essentially serious workers. Box 8050.

A WORLDWIDE News Service. Each week we search the world's technical, academic, and general press, and send concise abstracts to our clients. This unique service saves subscribers time and trouble, and keeps them fully informed of worldwide developments in any sphere that interests them. For full details write: Assignments, Suffolk House, Suffolk Street, Birmingham, 1.

BOYS & girls enjoy holidays at Pinewood, now at The Manor House, Bradninch, Exeter. Elizabeth Strachan, Hele 390.

WRITE for Profit in Spare Time. The Ideal Hobby. Send 2½d. stamp for "Subjects that Sell To-day" (a special bulletin) and informative prospectus. Regent Institute (D/191), Palace Gate, London, W.8.

NO. I have not gone to America, so if MAI. 3200 is unanswered, please leave a message with WEL. 6655 or write a post card to Anthony Panting, photographer, 30 Abbey Gardens, N.W.8.

CHILDMINDING/Caretaking, etc., offered by couple with two young children in exch. unfurn. accom. Wife S.R.N. Box 8224.

THERE'S always something worth while doing (including doing nothing!) at Braziers, Ipsden, Oxon. Checkendon 221.

CENTRAL London Fabian Soc. reqs. suitable accom. wkly. meetings 100-150 lectures, also halls for dances, socials, etc. Reply Abrams, 54a Belsize Park Gardens, N.W.3.

PHILIP Humphreys, Psychologist, 69 Prince's Gate, South Kensington, S.W.7. Kensington 8042.

HOSPITALITY & care for the aged or for convalescents. Garden, drawing room, central htng., lovely house. HAM. 2281.

ALLWOODS Carnation Cut Flowers—The ideal gift for all occasions. Specially selected colours or mixed shades direct from the largest growers in the world. From 1*gn.* to 5*gns.* a box. One quality, the best! Write for Catalogue, Allwood Bros., Ltd., 40 Haywards Heath, Sussex. 'Phone: Wivelsfield Green 232/233.

THE Central Board for Conscientious Objectors, 6 Endsleigh St., W.C.1, offers its advice on matters of conscience to those liable for National Service and to Reservists.

HUMANISM is now an International Movement. Particulars: Ethical Union, 13 Prince of Wales Terrace, W.8. Wes. 2341.

YOUR Writing Success begins with "Know-How." Send for Free N.3, "Know-How Guide to Writing Success." No Sales—No Fees tuition. B.A. School of Successful Writing, Ltd., 124 New Bond Street, London, W.1.

MR. M. DAVIDSON, F.S.M.C., Ophthalmic Optician, attends at The Hatton Optical Co., 19 Hatton Garden, Holborn, E.C.1. (Tel. HOL. 8193.)

PENMAN Club Members, throughout the world, receive market advice, and free criticism of all their MSS. S.A.E. for prospectus. No obligation. The General Secretary, Dept. S, Penman House, 378a London Road, Westcliff-on-Sea, Essex.

BACHELOR wishes join mixed club encouraging discussion painting, music, Kropotkinism, poetry, travel. Box 7901.

ENGLISH psychologist on vacation from abroad seeks small flat or room for August London. Box 7959.

MEDICAL Prac. single-handed, Bristol, 1,550 units, growing, exch. for prtnrshp. or prac. London pref., pers. reas. Box 7954.

PSYCHOLOGIST. Phyllis Perlow, 89 Somerton Rd., N.W.2. GLA. 2400.

MODERN Contact Lens Centre, 7(I) Endsleigh Court, W.C.1. Booklet sent. Deferred terms.

HOLIDAY Friendship Service—send stamp for programme to 48 Dalston Lane, London, E.8.

INCREASE height 2in. with Men's Bildup shoes. 79*s.* 6*d.* pr. Dets.: Capitol Shoe Co. (Box 44), 315 Gray's Inn Rd., W.C.1.

TYPEWRITERS. Modern portable machines avail. for hire, £1 mthly. Tel. Robert Ropkins, WELbeck 6655 for details.

TYPEWRITER users needing speedy inexpensive repairs contact Regional Typewriter Service, 83 Edgware Road, W.2. PAD. 7732, who have a reputation for being helpful. Olympias and other good makes on easy terms. Good second-hand machines from £6.

P.S. Do not despair. There are still a very few vacancies in Harold Ingham's Summer Schools Abroad and an immediate enquiry to 15 St. John's Road, Harrow, may yet secure a place.

WHERE TO STAY AND RESTAURANTS

CORNWALL, Port Isaac (old-world Fishing Village). Carn Haven Guest House. Excel. food & comfort guaranteed. 5½/7*gns.* Brochure. Tel. 286.

KENT, wooded Downs, XVth-Cent. Farmhouse, 5*gns.* wkly. Kemp, Little Gains, Elmsted (Tel. 353), Ashford. Between Canterbury & Hythe, walking country.

BETTWS-Y-COED district. Picturesque house beautifully situated above the colourful mountain Valley of the Lledr. Modern comfort, Continental cooking. 7½*gns.* Bwich Bach Guest House, Pont-y-Pant, Dolwyddelan, Caerns. Dolwyddelan 220.

THE Slipway House, Port Isaac, Cornwall. Perfect for a restful holiday. Every comfort in charming old-world setting. Directly facing harbour, safe bathing, magnificent cliff/country walks, good touring centre. Garage. Terms 6½-8*gns.* 'Phone 264.

A FEW Vacancies July/Aug. at Normanhurst, the small friendly Private Hotel, seafront, St. Leonards-on-Sea, Sussex. 5½/6½*gns.* fully inclsve. Rec. by rdrs. Vegetarian if desired. Illus. brochures. 'Phone: Hastings 4784.

RESTFUL holidays, Country Guest House, on lovely Herts-Essex border. Good food; home prod. Chantry Mead, Hatfield Heath, Nr. Bishop's Stortford. Hatfield Heath 263.

CORNWALL. Ceildhe Guest House, Polruan-by-Fowey. Superbly sit., every comfort. Vacs. early July, Sept., Oct. 7*gns.*

HILL-lovers offer hospitality in converted farmhouse, beautifully and remotely situated in heart of Welsh Mountains near Llyn Geirionydd. Modern comforts, very good food and fires. Friendly and informal. 5½-6½*gns.* George and Elaine Bonner, Penralit, Trefriw. Telephone Llanrwst 166.

RYE. The Hope Anchor. R.A.C., A.A. approved. Licensed. Superb position in lovely centre for Summer holidays. Rye 2216.

ST. IVES, Cornwall. Accom. in artists' house. Redgrave, 1 Island Rd.

KESWICK, Highfield Vegetarian Guest House, The Heads. Beautiful views, first-class food. Anne Horner. Tel. 508.

LITTLE Guide to Britain's recommended Village Inns, Hotels, Farms, Guesthouses. The Bide-a-While Book, 3*s.* 6*d.*, postage 3*d.* Victor Hilton (NS), Harbourside, Torquay.

RECUPERATION at Higham House in 20 beautiful acres. Comfort, rest, exercise. Entirely vegetarian. Farm eggs and milk. Treatment if desired. Health lectures. Write for terms and brochure, Higham House, Salehurst, Robertsbridge, Sussex. Tel. Robertsbridge 126.

CORNWALL: In lovely, unspoilt country by Fowey River, 3 miles sea, modern comfort, notable food in Georgian manor house in own big grounds among green fields, enchanting woods. Fishing. Boating. Send for Brochure S. Penquite House Hotel, Golant, nr. Par. Tel. Fowey 124.

ISLE of Wight Guest House, own beach, safe sea bathing, 23 acres (5 reserved for nudism). H. & c., electric light, indoor sanitation, fresh-water pool. Reduced terms children. Brochure (stamp) from N. S. Critchard, Woodside, Wootton, Ryde, I.W.

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WHERE TO STAY, etc.—continued

PORTHCURNO, Cornwall: family holidays incl. road transport ex London. Russell, 18 Manor Mansions, N.W.3. PRI. 4068.

SMALL modern hotel overlooking sea. White Lodge Hotel, Saltdean, Sussex. 'Phone Rottingdean 2614.

SOUTH Devon, best touring centre—sea, country, moors, 4½-6½*gns.* Children welc. Special prices. Write or 'phone—Tower Guest House, Kingsteignton, Newton Abbot 441.

PEMBROKESHIRE. Country, seaside, good accom., h. & c., spring-interiors. Full Aug. 6-20. Drake, Porthmeor, Newport.

PORTUGAL, Englishman's country house, near Lisbon, in Sintra mountains; unspoilt country, near sea. Board-lodging, including wine, 5*gns.* weekly, no extras. August, September, October. Powell, Avenida Infante Santo 372 S.D., Lisbon.

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TO let 100 yds. from Knightsbridge, in 2nd floor mews flat, furn. bedroom & sitting-room, use kitchen & bathroom & use of spare bedroom & dining-room when required. Rent 3½*gns.* weekly. Box 8328.

FLATLET, W.C.1 vacant July 24 to August 21. Sleep 2. Contemporary comfort. 4*gns.* p.w. Box 8219.

ATTRAC. large B/S. room, kit'ette., suit 2, nr. bus/tube. £3 10*s.* Ref. TUD. 0516.

HAMPSTEAD Garden Suburb. Newly dec. furn./semi-furn. room ready about July 1. Fitted basin, C.H.W., sprung divan, gas fire, ring, meter. Garden, telephone. 2*gns.* p.w. Garage if reqd. Possibly kitchen later. Box 8169.

EALING Broadway 5 mins. Large divan-room in newly decorated s.c. flat. H. & c., gas fire & grill, own meter. Suit business lady. 'Phone Perivale 1592.

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TO let, single and double divan-bed-sitting rooms, with partial board. Reasonable. MAI. 4154 or call 98 Maida Vale.

FURN. flatlet, 70*s.* p.w. and/or single rm. 40*s.* to let, Canonbury. Box 8227.

TO let furn., 2 bed-sits., gas clr., bathrm., 4/5 weeks from mid-July. PARk 9777.

CLOSE Wimbledon Com. Plezs. furn. top-fl. flat. Dble. bedrm., living-rm., kit., bthrm. &c., tel. £19 per month. WIM. 2907.

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LARGE pcefl. mod. cott., garage, avail. Aug. 3-Sept. 3. Magnif. rural panorama, Usk Vale, access. Wye. Reas. Box 8163.

TINY furn. garden cottage, upper Thames, lovely situation, elec., sleep 2 max. Vacant July 16 to end September. Bathing, boating, fishing. Long let preferred. Box 8208.

CORNISH Village (unspoiled). Furn. flat, mod. cons., sleep 3. Beautiful view Fowey Harbour, July 9-29. Box 8243.

PROFESSIONAL woman requires quiet pied-à-terre in London. Box 8111.

ARTIST, wife, child urg. req. s/c. unfur. accom. London. Reas. Box 8327.

YOUNG Grad. teacher (f) needs 1-2 rooms, W. or S.W., pref. unfurn., end Aug. Likes attics. Willing share bathrm. Box 8113.

TWO Ceylonese students need homes 6 months within reach (a) Kings Cross, (b) S. Ken. 102 Albany St. N.W.1/WOR. 6247.

PROFESSIONAL woman seeks small unfurn. flat (or rooms, use k. & b.) in return mod. rent, baby-sitting. Hampstead or Fleet St. area. Box 8198.

HARVARD lecturer & wife want sm. furn. flat in London for three weeks from July 5. Write Eckstein, 5 St. Matthew's Ave., Surbiton, Surrey.

EDINBURGH. Univ. Lecturer shs. accomm. fairly near Teviot Place, from Oct. Rooms (no meals) or small flat; inexp. Box 8154.

ENTERTAINMENTS

THEATRE Royal, Stratford, E.15. MAR. 5973. Tues.-Fri. 7.45, Sat. 5.30 & 8.30. "The Country Wife," Wycherley.

THE New Lindsey Theatre Club, W.8. BAY. 2512. Tues.-Sun. 8. Sun. 5 & 8 (Mems.). Arthur Luce Klein in "Skits & Sketches" direct from triumph at Théâtre Marigny, Paris. Tues. July 5-Sun. July 17.

ARTS. TEM. 3334. Wed., Thurs., Fri., Sat. evgs., 6.30, Tues. & Sun. 7. Mary Ellis, Mary Morris in "Mourning Becomes Electra." Membership 10s. yearly.

UNITY Th. EUS. 5391. "Peacemeal," Unity revue. Fris. Sats. Sns. 7.45. Mems.

IRVING (WHI. 8657). Evgs. ex. Mon., 10.30, Sun. 9.30. "Soho So What," London's Only Late Night Revue. Mems.

NATIONAL Film Th., Sth. Bank. WAT. 3232. Open to publ. Sat. July 2. Carole Lombard, Jack Benny in "To Be Or Not To Be" (A) Dir.: E. Lubitsch. 2, 4, 6, 8.

EVERYMAN. HAM 1525. de Sica season. Until July 3: "Miracle in Milan" (U). From July 4: "Umberto D" (A).

I.C.A., 17 Dover St., W.1. Dancing to Norman Jackson's "Noveltones," Sat. July 2, 8-11 p.m. Members 3s., guests 5s. Membership invited.

CONCERTS

FACHIRI at Wigmore Hall, Fri. next, July 8, 7.30. Bach Chaconne, Brahms Violin Sonata in G, Bartok Rumanian Dances and dedicated piece (1st perf.). 12s. to 3s. WEL. 2141. N. Choveaux.

MUNICH University Choir sings in St. Martin-in-the-Fields, Trafalgar Square, Mon., July 4, at 8 p.m. Prog. incs. Buxtehude, Bach, Distler. Partics. from German Welfare Council, 25 Villiers St., W.C.2. TRA. 7231.

EXHIBITIONS

GANYMED Facsimiles & Turnstile Prints on show daily, 11 Great Turnstile, W.C.1. Illustrated catalogue 1s. 6d., post free.

WELLCOME Historical Medical Museum, 183 Euston Road, N.W.1. Exhibitions: Child Welfare Through the Ages; The Medicine of Aboriginal Peoples in the British Commonwealth. Mon.-Fri., 10-5. Adm. Free.

I.C.A. Gallery, 17 Dover St., W.1. Twentieth Century Paintings and Sculptures lent from Collections in England. Closing July 2. Opening July 7: "Man, Machine and Motion." An Iconography of Speed and Space. Mon.-Fri., 10.30-6 p.m. Sats. until 1 p.m. Closed Suns. 1s. Mems. free.

GIACOMETTI. An Exhibition of Sculpture, Paintings & Drawings. Arts Council Gallery, 4 St. James's Square, S.W.1. Open till July 9. Mons., Weds., Fris., Sats., 10-6. Tues. & Thurs. 10-8. Admission free.

LEICESTER Galleries, Leicester Sq. Studies by C. Pissarro. Paintings by Lawrence Gowing and Robert Medley, 10-5.30. Sats. 10-1. Till July 7.

WHITECHAPEL Art Gallery: American Primitive Art, 1670-1954. Last three days: 11-6; Sunday 2-6. Admission free. Adjoins Aldgate East Station.

PICTURES for Hire. A.I.A. Gallery, 15 Lisle St., Leicester Square, W.C.2. Daily 11-6. Sats. inc.

ST. GEORGE'S Gallery, 7 Cork St., W.1. Joan Eardley: First One-man Exhib., St. George's Gallery London Group Prize-winner. Important Picasso Etchings 1930-1936.

ITALIAN Institute, 39 Belgrave Square, S.W.1. Selected Examples of Italian Industrial Design June 30-July 30, Mon.-Fri., 10 a.m.-7 p.m. Sat. 10 a.m.-1 p.m. Closed Sundays. Admission free.

HISPANIC Council, 2 Belgrave Sq., S.W.1. Spanish Gipsy Drawings by Jo Jones. 11-5.30. Sats. 11-1. Until July 5.

HANOVER Gallery, 32a St. George Street, W.1. Paintings by Bacon, Scott, Sutherland. Until July 29.

BEAUX Arts Gallery, Bruton Place, W.1. First Exhibition in England of Sculpture by Emilio Stanzani. Paintings by William Goldsmith.

MATTHIESEN Gallery: First London Exhibition by Kallos. Daily 10-5.30. Sats. 10-1, at 142 New Bond St., London, W.1. Until July 15.

IVEAGH Bequest, Kenwood. Exhibition of paintings by Angelica Kauffmann. Adm. free. Weekdays 10-7. Sundays 2.30-7. 210 bus from Archway or Golders Grn. Stns.

MARLBOROUGH, 17-18, Old Bond St., W.1. Pissarro-Sisley Charity Exhibition with many pictures shown for the first time in England. Admission 2s. 6d.

GALLERY One, 1 Litchfield St., W.C.2. Paintings by Porobic.

GIMPEL Fils, 50 South Molton St., W.1. Recent Works by Ben Nicholson.

BERKELEY Galleries, 20 Davies St., W.1. Japanese Art. Daily 10-6, Sat. 10-1.

SLATTER Gallery. Exhibition Dutch and Flemish Masters. 10-5.30, Sat. 10-1. 30 Old Bond St., W.1.

ARCADE Gallery, 28 Old Bond St., W.1. The Flamboyance of Italian Baroque Painting. 10-5, Sats. 10-1.

LECTURES AND MEETINGS

PROFESSOR J. D. Bernal, M.A., F.R.S., on "Science as a Link between India and Britain," Thurs., July 7, 7.30, Caxton Hall, S.W.1. Scientific Films. Tickets 2s. 6d. (inc. refreshments) from India League, 47 Strand, W.C.2. TRA. 6465.

I.C.A., 17 Dover St., W.1. July. 8.15. Tues. 5. Dr. Edwin Muir will read from his poetry, with comments. Chair: Janet Adam Smith. Members 2s., guests 3s. Also Tues. 5, 7.30, at St. Cecilia's House, 7 Carlos Place, W.1. Barbara Pentland, Canadian composer and pianist, presents programme of her own works. Members 2s., guests 5s. Thurs. 7 at 8.15. Lecture "Metal in Motion," the Popular Iconology of the Automobile by Reyner Banham. Chair: Lawrence Alloway. Members 2s., guests 3s. Membership invited.

PUSHKIN Club, 24 Kensington Park Gardens, W.11 PAR. 7379. Open every Friday from 6.30; Russian conversation classes; 8 p.m. Lecture. July 1, A. Nove—"How Should We Study the U.S.S.R.?" July 8, Dr. A. Guershoon Colin—"Ivan Bunin." July 9, 8 p.m. Recital of Russian Church Music by Kedroff Quartet (Paris), seats 5s. (students 2s. 6d.) to be booked in advance.

"COMICS and Child Delinquency in the U.S.A." Dr. Hilde L. Mosse, M.D., Director of Lafarge Psychological Clinic, New York, at Friends House, Euston Rd. Wed., July 6, 7.30. Tkts. 1s. "Comics" Campaign Counc., 23 Tillingbourne Gdns., N.3/at door.

CENTRAL Jewish Lit. debate with Carmel Society that "Religion is the opiate of the people," Wed., July 6, 8 p.m., Folman's, Noel St. (off Berwick St.), W.1. Visitors 2s. 6d.

THE Linguists' Club, Niddry Lodge, Campden Hill Rd., W.8. July 9 at 6, Mr. H. Cohen: "English Writing Today."

SOUTH Place Ethical Society, Conway Hall, Red Lion Sq., W.C.1. Sunday 11 a.m. July 3. D. G. MacRae, M.A., "The Ethics of the Strike." Adm. free. Free copy Monthly Record on request.

UNITED Lodge of Theosophists, 62 Queen's Gdns., W.2. Public lecture, Sunday, 8 p.m., July 3, "God—Fact or Fiction?"

BUDDHIST Society, 16 Gordon Square, W.C.1. Public lecture, Wednesday, July 6, at 6.30 p.m. Reading from the Sutras with Commentary: Mr. T. M. Harris.

INDIAN Institute of Culture, London Branch. Public lecture, 8.15, Fri., July 8. Mr. J. Duncan M. Derrett, "Some Indian Contributions to the Problem of Right and Wrong." 62 Queen's Gdns., Bayswater.

RAMAKRISHNA Vedanta Centre: Swami Ghanananda, Kingsway Hall (near Holborn Tube Stn.), Thurs., July 7. 7.30. India's Contribution to Culture and Civilization (contd.). All welcome.

YOGA. Lectures every Tues., 6.30. Seymour Hall, Seymour Pl., W.1. Arranged by Shanti Sadan. July 5: "Inner Peace."

EDWARD CONZE: "Mental Health in East and West." The West London Ethical Society, 13 Prince of Wales Terrace, Kensington High St., W.8. Sun., July 3, 7 p.m. Music & readings at 6.30.

PERSONALIST Group. James Hayes on "Cybernetics," Monday, July 4, Conway Hall, Red Lion Sq., W.C.1, at 7.30 p.m.

BAHA'I World Faith. 27 Rutland Gate, S.W.7. Meetings Thursdays at 7.30 p.m. "This Earth is one country and mankind its citizens."

PACIFIST Universalist Service. 3.30 Sunday, July 3, King's Weigh House Church, Binney St., W.1. Nr. Bond St. Station. Discourse Dr. A. D. Belden "Christianity as the Final Religion."

FOR a good lecture and lively discussion include in your winter programme a speaker from Proportional Representation Scty., 86 Eccleston Square, S.W.1. VIC. 3672.

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LECTURE COURSES, etc.—continued

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LANGUAGE Tuition Centre, School of Foreign Languages and School of English for Foreign Nationals, 63 Oxford St., W.1. Tel. GERrard 8531-2. All foreign languages taught in day and evening classes or private lessons; beginners and all grades. Intensive Daily Classes in English and preparation for Cambridge Univ. Certificate. Short or Long Courses. Enrolment daily. Prospectus free.

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SUMMER SCHOOLS

HUGH Dalton added to list of Fabian Summer School speakers. Oxford Aug. 6-13. Farnham Aug. 13-20. Details 11 Dartmouth St., S.W.1.

HUMAN Relations Seminar: Aug. 10-16, at Braziers, Ipsden, Oxon; followed (Aug. 19) by Braziers Summer School.

SUMMER SCHOOLS—continued

SUMMER School of Sociology at Jesus College, Oxford, July 25-29, 1955. "Faith and Society." "Faith and Society". The Rt. Revd. A. M. Ramsey, Bishop of Durham. "The Act of Faith and Social Responsibility"; The Revd. Gordon L. Phillips (Anglican Chaplain, Univ. of London). "Is Society Redeemable?" The Revd. Canon Gustave Thils (Lecturer, Univ. of Malines). Summing-up: Maurice B. Reckitt. Dets.: Miss H. Highley, 32 Gunterstone Rd., W.14.

THINKERS' Holiday Organisation. 1955 Summer School: "Democracy in the Atomic Age," Buxton, August 13-27. Speakers include H. J. Blackham, Prof. E. Devons, Prof. S. E. Finer, the Rev. G. J. G. Grieve, Wilfrid Harrison, Sir Will Lawther, Prof. H. Levy, D. A. Routh. For details apply to T. H. O., 8 Kenton St., London, W.C.1. Visitors from abroad especially welcome.

TEENAGE Holidays. Stimulating and Interesting Drama Courses, 6, 10 or 14 days (July-Sept.), Leatherhead Repertory Theatre, Surrey, and Interval Theatre Club, London (one week's Evening School in London). 4½-6gns. Hostel accommodation available. All branches of Dramatic Art. Professional Staff. Syllabuses: Mrs. L. Medd, Heathdene, Otford, Kent.

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BOOKS AND PUBLICATIONS

NEW House of Commons; Motors; Secondary Schools; East Africa; Labour Research, 9d., 2, Soho Sq., W.1.

AN authoritative study of international law and the "Illegality of Nuclear Weapons," by D. N. Pritt, Q.C., appears in the July "Labour Monthly." Order 1s. 6d. all agents, or half-year's subscription 9s. from N.3., 134 Ballards Lane, London, N.3.

"THE Nation," America's leading Liberal Weekly. Subscriptions £2 16s. 3d. yearly, may be sent through the Publisher, N.S. & N., Great Turnstile, London, W.C.1. Specimen copy on request.

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More Classified Adverts. on pages 25, 26, 27

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